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How do we get our cover photographs? The charming daffodil-contemplating Miss had to come out on top of stiff competition before appearing at your home. First, the Art Editor sent out a call to photo agencies for a Mayish sort of picture. They went through their thousands of transparencies and picked out their best. The Art Editor screened two hundred or so of these, narrowed them down to a half dozen. The rest of the staff looked, pondered, eliminated—until one led all the rest. This is that one.



Renowned author of "One Foot in Heaven" and six other books, Hartzell Spence (*The Late Rector of Warleggan*, p. 18) lives with his wife and two children in Essex, Connecticut, where he is currently working on a novel. Son Lampert is 11, and Laurie is 10.

Free-lancer Dick Ott, who illustrated the article, *Many Mansions*, p. 31, decided to become an artist when he won a drawing contest in the third grade. His



artistic ability led to a scholarship at the Detroit School of Art, to several art studios and finally to New York. His family consists of wife Emily, whom he met on a blind date and married a few weeks later, and Marcia, aged 2½, whom he calls "our greatest accomplishment."

Coming in June: The freshman Senator from Oregon (whose unexpected election upset the balance of party power in the U.S. Senate), tells forthrightly, *Why I Do Not Drink*. Don't miss this newest piece of uproar-raising by Richard L. Neuberger. . . Harold Preece recounts a true "western" that has all the rough, tough, wild and woolly elements plus prayer and the transformation of a man's life. . . Staff editor Don Romero tells how American young people in Europe and other devastated areas are testifying to their faith with calluses as well as creeds. . . And more, to make it a memorable, worth-while month of June!

Christian Herald

A FAMILY MAGAZINE, independent and interdenominational . . . dedicated to the promotion of evangelical Christianity, church unity, religious and racial understanding, world peace, the solving of the liquor problem, the service of the needy at home and abroad, and to cooperation with all who seek the establishment of a more Christian world.

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MAY, 1955

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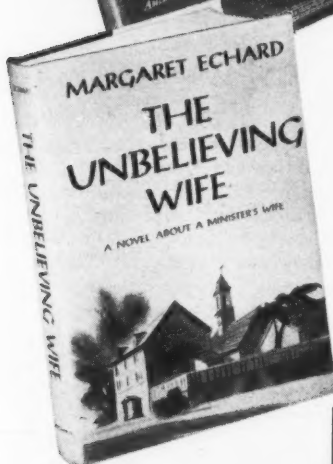
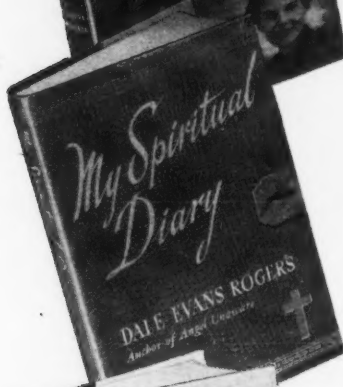
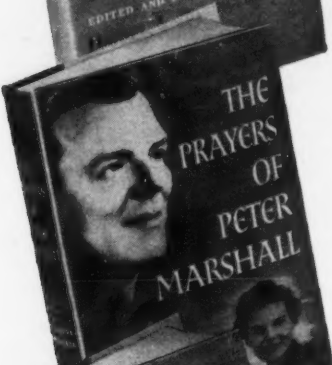
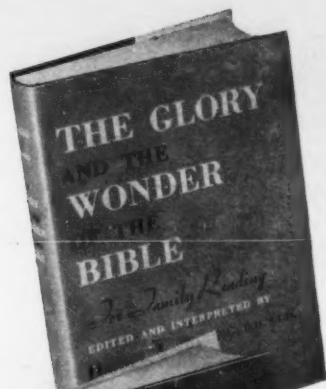
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VOLUME 78 NUMBER 5

CHRISTIAN HERALD



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Answers Your Questions

Catholic Saints

• *I understand that Roman Catholics honor a saint to whom they pray for separate needs, such as the Saint of Travel, etc. To me, this sounds like Greek mythology—gods and goddesses are endowed with separate powers and worshipped accordingly. Isn't this very much like idol worship?*

OKLAHOMA

J. S.

For me, this is "very much like idol worship," but I would be unfair were I not to add immediately that for millions of devout Christians of Roman Catholic faith, it is not idol worship.

Will Babies Be Saved?

• *Is there anything in the Bible that directly states that babies, with or without baptism, will be saved?*

VIRGINIA

V. S. P.

Of course they will be saved. If they are not saved, I don't want to be! And of course I want to be. In II Samuel 12:23, David said that he would go to his infant child who had died. Also it was evident that he expected to know his child. Read Matthew 18:10 for the words of Jesus and also what He said about the Kingdom of Heaven and a little child in Matthew 19:14.

The Bible and Science

• *Does the Bible contradict science or vice versa?*

NEW YORK

(MRS.) K. W. T.

The Bible is not a scientific textbook. It was not written to teach science but religion. Another has said: "The apparent discrepancies between the story of creation as given in the Bible and that given by scientists are very much such as we would find in two descriptions of a great battle, if one was written by a clergyman, who knew nothing of military tactics, and the other by a military expert who knew nothing of religion." The first four words of the Bible are at once sound science and true religion, "In the beginning God."

"Auctioneering" Necessary?

• *At a recent dedication of a church, the visiting clergyman made an appeal for funds that sounded like an old-*

fashioned auctioneer taking off his cuffs and going into action. Don't you think that our offerings for the church and church-associated activities should be individually and quietly made?

NEBRASKA

(MRS.) M. H. C.

I do believe that everything of this character should be done decently and in order, but surely there is room for the public presentation of the financial needs of the church. Always such presentation should support and supplement the individual contributions regularly and quietly made.

Discourage Military Toys?

• *Do you not think that CHRISTIAN HERALD should enter vigorously into the campaign to discourage military toys—guns, soldiers and the like?*

NEW JERSEY

G. M.

I do not feel as strongly about the matter of guns and military toys as the one asking this question. As of my own childhood and what occurred in my father's house—he was a pioneer missionary in Oregon—and as of our experiences with our own children, it was possible to care for the moral interests of the home by guiding rather than forbidding. I got over my guns and bows and arrows and Indian fighting, etc., etc., and so have our children. Now our grandchildren are passing through the same stages. But I do recognize the fact of a startling over-emphasis in these disturbed times. It is at this point that CHRISTIAN HERALD is moving in—comics and horror stories included.

Conflicting Ideas

• *We have a minister in a rural community, ordained just two years ago, who has turned our little church upside down. For one thing, he refuses to allow us to sing the "Amen's" in Sunday morning services—too much repetition, he says. He refuses to allow us to put flowers on the communion table—he deliberately removes them. He refuses to have the church bell rung—it disturbs services of other churches, he says. Are these trivial things?*

ILLINOIS

(MRS.) F. E. B.

They are not trivial things. I hope that when the young minister is further

removed from his ordination, he will not so regard them.

Who Wrote the Gospels?

● *Were the Gospels written by the men whose names they bear?*

OHIO

J. L. T.

Not necessarily. The authorship of the Fourth Gospel has been hotly disputed. However, the majority of the commentators believe that John did write it—as do I. There is no serious question as to the authorship of Matthew. Mark is thought to have derived his knowledge of the events he recorded from Peter. Certainly Luke was written by Luke, the doctor.

Big League Sunday Baseball

● *Is it true that some big league baseball players will not sign contracts unless they are released from playing ball on Sunday?*

MINNESOTA

D. J. K.

I do not know of such contracts today. I do know that in the past some great players—Christy Mathewson was one of these—had “No Sunday” contracts. Can any of our readers give us additional information?

Protestant Orders

● *I would be interested to know if you have received additional information concerning religious communities and orders in Protestant churches.*

NEW HAMPSHIRE

D. R.

Yes. Mr. John M. Wilson has sent me the names of eleven orders for men and thirteen for women within the Episcopal Church in the United States. I shall be glad to forward the information to those who may be interested.

Christ Referred to By Historians

● *Is there any reference in secular historical books or writings to Jesus Christ?*

WASHINGTON

J. J.

Yes, Christ is referred to in connection with Christians by several historians. Tacitus, who was Praetor under Domitian in A.D. 88, only 58 years after the Crucifixion, refers to Christ (Annal 15:44). Pliny the Younger, who was Tribune in Syria at the same time, also refers to Him (Epistle 10:97). Lucian, in the middle of the second century, and others refer to Christ.

Editor's Note: To date we have received 22 letters in reply to our question asking for a copy of “445 Difficult Bible Questions Answered.” We have, of course, replied to the one postmarked at the earliest date. We are grateful to all who answered our inquiry. Thank you!

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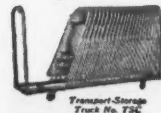


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The Bible on Our Farm

By ALLEN B. SIKES

HOW many memories there are in the Bible for a boy who came from the farm! In page after page, verse after verse, I read the sacred words that carry me back to the Connecticut Valley.

"Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." The swallows built their mud nests up in the peak of our hay barn and hatched their young. I had a trapeze up in that barn. They didn't mind too much as I swung back and forth, coming as close as a 10-year-old could to swooping the way they did so easily outside. I can't do that any more but I can still see the swallows sitting in a long row on the high wire that ran from the house to the barn. That verse has a special warm significance for me.

My father used to tell me sheep weren't very bright. I read, "What man of you having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?" How impatiently I waited until I was big enough to drive the cows down to the pasture in the morning and get them at night. Later I found that the night chore interfered with my after-school baseball game. But the cows had to be brought home. One night, one of the heifers got through the fence on the way up to the barn. Pell-mell after her I went, determined to keep her away from

the cornfield toward which she was headed. When I finally had the heifer back in the lane and once more under control, I found the other cows had developed ideas of their own. Instead of grazing contentedly together by the roadside awaiting my return, they too had sought the greener, distant fields. It took me until dark to get them all safely locked in their stanchions. The next time this happened I drove the others up to the barn first and then chased the heifer. I guessed cows were different from sheep and a lot brighter. Sometimes I wished my father had sheep, particularly during baseball season.

THERE are many verses in the Bible about vineyards and grapes. One particularly I shall never forget: "What man is he that hath planted a vineyard, and hath not yet eaten of it?" How we all enjoyed the grapes that grew in the arbor by the back door. Every fall we had bushels to eat and to make into grape juice. Every fall, that is, except the first one or two after my father pruned the vines. Then nobody had grapes. There wasn't much grapevine left after he did his unusually thorough job of eliminating runners. On such occasions mother commented, "Well, at least it's still alive." Dad was also a great hand at cutting down fruit trees that didn't bear fruit.

In my bedroom on the farm there hung a picture of a little boy sitting hungrily on a stone, his hand

under his chin. The caption said, "Nobody loves me. I'm going out in the garden and eat worms." I thought I was quite bright when I discovered that while the Book of Leviticus certainly did not recommend worms ("Whatsoever goeth upon the belly . . . ye shall not eat") there were some very interesting suggestions in complete detail about crickets and grasshoppers. ("Yet these may ye eat of every flying, creeping thing that goeth upon all four, which have legs above their feet, to leap withal upon the earth; even these of them ye may eat; the locust after his kind, and the bald locust after his kind, and the beetle after his kind, and the grasshopper after his kind.")

EVERY farm boy learns, often the hard way, that "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven . . . a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted." He learns that when seeds are planted too late, the frost is likely to rob him of the reward of untold hours of labor under the hot sun. And he learns too that the seed must not only be planted at the right time, but in the right place—in the good ground. Clay soil is bad in a wet year, and sandy soil is often bad on plants during a dry summer. It is well to concentrate on good rich loam.

I can almost feel now the way the handles of a bushel basket used to bite into my hands when I would try to carry too much corn in it. That's the basket under which one should not hide a light.

And the "green pastures" and "still waters" to me were at a particular mossy bank above our brook. I used to lie there in the shade while old Fred (my father said it was safe for me to drive him because he knew more than I did) stood placidly a short distance away headed into the woods, enjoying a rest too.

Memories like these come flooding back, illuminating the Bible, memories that are mine to cherish.

Probably boys brought up in our towns and cities have different Bible verses with special meaning for them. And many of them through their interest in Y.M.C.A., Boy Scouts, and other fine organizations, to say nothing of their own vacations in the country, have many opportunities to learn of the soil and growing things.

But as our urban population increases, as our nation grows, we will grow more impersonal in many of our relationships. Our society will lose something which can't be replaced, something that is real and vital, when memories cannot pick up the ancient truths and associate them with daily experiences. THE END

MAY 1955



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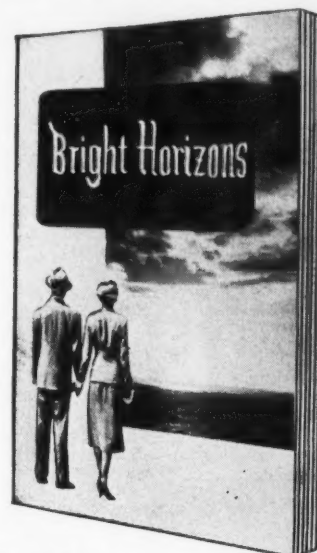
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Attn: Rev. H. Burnham Kirkland

Dept.
CHS-23-S

Dear Mr. Kirkland: Please send me a copy of "Bright Horizons" showing steady and dependable high level returns from THE ANNUITY PLAN.

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Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

"I REMEMBER



God, be kind to mothers
With cookie jars to fill,
And funny lullabies to sing
When dusk blows down the hill!

Who scrub small children's faces
When early school bells ring,
And let a boy bring puppies home,
Or bugs, or anything.

God, be kind to mothers
When it is candle-time,
And children's rounded voices
Say prayers in ordered rhyme.

May there be special blessings
At night, when houses sleep,
On all the mothers everywhere
Who have child hearts to keep.

HELEN WELSHIMER



A COUNTRY AGENT SPEAKS

I could have told them they were buying catbirds,
As far as those suave creatures can be bought—
Not to mention robins, and in the same breath, wrens—
They looked around; this was not what they sought.

Because the month was March they had no vision,
They could not see the purple swallows' flight
Over the chimney, scissoring, pausing fleetly
To kiss in midair on an August night.

Bleak fields they saw, but never the bobolink swaying
Atop a stalk of grain; the wind they heard,
But never the fieldlark whistling up the hillside,
Nor the practicing-scales of the wild canary bird.

I said: "This place is not for you, I reckon."
—No need to hurt them adding, "You're not the kind
Of folk for chocolate thrushes." With no protest
I let them go, leaving this safe behind.

—ALMA ROBERTS GIORDAN

From Mrs. Christine Gudmundsen, Washington Island, Wis.

A MOUNTAIN shames a mole-
hill until both are humbled
by the stars.

—Author Unknown

From Ethel L. Olcott, Belvidere, N. J.

TO LIVE well in the quiet routine
of life; to fill a little space be-
cause God wills it; to go on cheer-
fully with a petty round of little
duties, little avocations; to smile for
the joy of others when the heart is
aching—who does this, his works
will follow him. He may not be a
hero to the world, but he is one of
God's heroes.—Author Unknown.

From Mrs. Clark Moore, Sycamore, Ohio

WHEN death comes to me
it will find me busy, unless I
am asleep. If I thought I was
going to die tomorrow, I should
nevertheless plant a tree today.

—STEPHEN GIRARD

She could not paint, nor write, nor rhyme
Her footprints on the sands of time,
As some distinguished women do:
Just simple things of life she knew—
Like tucking little folks in bed,
Or soothing someone's aching head.

She was no singer, neither blessed
With any special loveliness
To win applause and passing fame;
No headlines ever blazed her name.
But, oh, she was a shining light
To all her loved ones, day and night!

Her home her kingdom, she its queen;
Her reign was faithful, honest, clean,
Impartial, loving, just, to each
And every one she sought to teach.
Her name? Of course, there is no other
In all the world so sweet—just Mother!

—MAY ALLREAD BAKER

From Mrs. Mary I. Pim, East Rochester, Ohio



A GROWING-UP SON

It seems like such a little while
Since he was playing at my knee,
And when I spoke to him, my eyes
Would downward turn his face to see;
And now in just a few short years,
(O God, how short the years can be!)
My eyes must upward turn, for then
He will be looking down on me.

Dear God, if in the years gone by
I have been in some measure fit
To merit childhood's upturned gaze,
And only quail a little bit,
Please help me in the coming years
A nobler woman yet to be—
That when his eyes must downward turn
His soul will still look up to me.

DOROTHY MARKHAM BROWN

From Mrs. Robert S. Winter, Wrentham, Mass.

What is your favorite quotation or bit of verse? Include source and author and your own name. Sorry, no items acknowledged or returned, and no original material used.

REMEMBER that heartbreaking
photograph of two years ago?



Kuang Ah was a tiny, pitiful waif more dead than alive when she came to the Christian Herald orphanage in Formosa. Dr. Poling, visiting the island, held her tenderly in his arms. His eyes reflected the concern of all Christian people for children who are the completely innocent and totally helpless victims of war.

Look at her now! She is a big girl. Her face is chubby. She has warm clothes. She has a future. And she is alive! When Dr. Poling revisited the orphanage this year, he asked immediately about little Kuang Ah. They brought her to him and he knelt down and took her tiny hand in his hand. Who could kneel beside such a child rescued by love, and not breathe a prayer of thankfulness that good people, generous people, wonderful people, had let her live!

Kuang Ah came to the orphanage carried by her 13-year-old brother. For months after their parents' death, he had cared for her. He took her with him, carefully strapped to his back, to the fields where he tended water buffalo. How great was his love for his little sister! Then he brought her to the orphanage. There, more love unfolded and protected her—the love of people like you, who have made this and Christian Herald's other orphanages possible!

How important it is in our kind of fearful world to exercise life-giving love! Such love is never a burden. Always it is a bright opportunity.

Someone's gift, someone's love saved Kuang Ah. Your gift, your love can save the life of some other child in one of the Christian Herald orphanages in Formosa, Hong Kong, Korea. For as little as \$10 a month you may "adopt" a boy or girl. It is person-to-person compassion. You receive the child's picture, regular reports of his progress and activities. At a time when so much giving is necessarily impersonal, you know exactly where your gift is going, the specific child it is helping.

Kuang Ah lives because someone loved her.

Who will live because of your love?

**THANKS
TO YOU—**

She Lives!



**Christian Herald
Industrial Missions in China
Business Office: 27 East 39th Street
New York 16, N. Y.**

Yes, I want to be a blessing to some child in a war-shadowed country. Enroll me as a "sponsor" for a boy or girl. I enclose my first month's gift of \$10, and plan to continue sending this amount monthly for a year, although I understand that I may discontinue the arrangement at any time.*

Name

Address

* I cannot fully support a child, but I want to do what I can. Here is my gift of \$



THE NEWS

• AT HOME •

INITIATIVE: The U.S. doesn't have it, shrill the pundits. Particularly we don't have it in the bristling Strait of Formosa. We are waiting to see where the Reds move next. If the Communists do an unspecified such and such, the U.S. will respond with an unidentified thus and so. If they attack Quemoy (Kinmen) and/or the Matsus, we may or may not retaliate, depending upon the situation at that precise moment. If they go after Formosa, we go after them. Ifs are calling the signals, and the ifs are all in the hands of the Reds.

The Communists do indeed have the military initiative. They move and we jump. But what else? A defender never has the initiative. An aggressor always has it. The arsonist has the initiative, not the firefighters. The thief has it, not the cop.

MISSILES: The Air Force has unveiled a whole new arsenal of uncannily accurate guided missiles. They include *Falcon*, a rocket that can destroy any bomber in the world. No matter how the plane gyrates to get out of the way, *Falcon* gyrates right with it. A built-in "brain" takes information from the target, senses changes in direction, corrects the course. Three intercontinental missiles are also under development. One of these, *Atlas*, fired like an artillery shell, is propelled by rocket motors that drive it several thousand miles an hour. Says the Air Force, "*Atlas* will present the enemy with an incredibly—and almost hopelessly—difficult defensive job."

So far so good. But what happens when the know-how gets around—when *Falcon* and *Atlas* and the rest of their covey head west as well as east?

NIXON: He has become to people in Asia and South America the U.S. Vice-President in Charge of Public Relations; to Democrats and some independents, anathema; to Republican regulars, a defender of the faith. What are Richard M. Nixon's chances for a second term? If President Eisenhower is re-nominated (and does anyone, including Democratic Chairman Butler, think he will not be?), there's no question about it. Mr. Nixon is in. The President is enthusiastic about his second-in-com-

mand. He discounts Democratic opposing vigor; the White House feels that because the opposition is wary of attacking the President, it takes out its licks on the V-P.

Whatever one's personal estimate of Mr. Nixon, the fact remains that he has been in on more of the affairs of government than any other Vice-President in history. When policy is created, decisions made, history written, Nixon is there. He's a young man, now 42. Mr. Eisenhower would be 70 at the end of a second term—an age no previous President has attained on the job. It is not Nixon as Vice-President that gives his coterie of critics concern, but Nixon as potential President. Even granting that those who view the prospect aghast are sincerely non-political, we wonder if they have the large grounds for aghastness offered for twenty and more years prior to 1952.

YALTA: The State Department first offered the Yalta Conference papers to certain Congressional committees on a "confidential basis." The committees, Democratic-controlled, refused. Their out-loud, at least, argument: if and when the contents "leaked" to the press, they would be blamed for violating secrecy. The documents leaked anyway. When the State Department found that the *New York Times* had a copy, Mr. Dulles turned it loose generally, months earlier than intended.

Political leaders leaped to the attack and defense. Britain's newspapers called the release "stupid," a "major blunder, coming at an unfortunate time." (When does a major blunder come at a fortunate time?) The British Laborite *Daily Herald* said the State Department action "worried Sir Winston Churchill. He has been very disturbed by the thought that some of the things he proposed—and agreed to from Stalin—should become generally known." Wouldn't we all be, regarding our own personal records?

Yet, the essence of democracy is knowledge, good or bad, favorable or unfavorable. It is better to know and be disillusioned than not to know at all. And, whatever the consensus of judgment on Yalta when all the pros and cons are in, we might remember with as much humility as we can muster

that it's a lot easier to say what should have been than to say what should be. Anybody can be omniscient in the past tense.

GEORGE OF GEORGIA: After 32 years in Congress, Senator Walter F. George is the undisputed dean of the Senate, respected by men of both parties. He's chairman of the powerful Senate Foreign Relations Committee, a member of the Finance Committee (his friend Harry Byrd is chairman), and President Pro Tem of the Senate. A Democrat, his convictions have nevertheless pushed him to the support of President Eisenhower more than once. The latest push into the Eisenhower ranks came on the \$20-per-head income tax cut.

No matter how anyone feels about taxes (and we have yet to find the man who ecstatically chuckles at paying 'em), it's clear to anybody with two each of ears and eyes that this \$20 package was as political as a Dewey button. First, the budget was already off balance. The cut would throw it a couple of billions deeper into the red. Second, the cut wouldn't take effect for 16 months. In these precarious days, 16 months make a minor millennium. How under the shining sun could any legislator know whether a cut now would be in order then? Such was Senator George's reaction, in the face of the House-approved (and Democratic-sponsored) tax cut. The Senate turned thumbs down.

The Senator's term expires in 1957, when he will be 79. What he plans to do then, he hasn't revealed. If it's back to Vienna, Georgia, for retirement, probably former Gov. Herman E. Talmadge will go after the vacant job. If so, the contrast promises to be sensational.

NEW MOON: Word from Washington has it that if all goes according to schedule, the U. S. in 1957 will launch into space the first artificial satellite. It won't be much, as moons go. Just about the size of a soft-ball or a little bigger. Rockets will get it up to an altitude of some 250 miles. There the tiny satellite will circle the earth, making a complete revolution in about two hours. Eventually it will lose its momentum, drift downward, act like any other meteor when it runs into the earth's dense atmosphere.

What's the purpose of the feverish race to space? For one thing, the 20-million-dollar baseball will contain devices to send back information about conditions "out there." For another, Soviet scientists are bragging that they are about to crack the space barrier. U. S. officials are afraid that maybe they're not kidding.

Where this first timid-step into the beyond will eventually take us, who

has the courage and the imagination to surmise? Meanwhile, there are one or two problems still remaining on the planet under our feet.

MAIL MORALS: The Post Office Department, pondering a six-months' increase of 73 per cent in cases dealing with indecent materials sent through the mails, is intensifying its "Clean-up-the-Mails" campaign. But it needs the help of decent people. A campaign like this attracts ridicule—mostly from the unsavory dealers in dirt who are put out of business. And someone is sure to raise the cry of censorship.

Says Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield: "We are not concerned with bureaucratic snooping. What we are vitally concerned about is the great mass of unwanted pornographic material being offered for delivery through the mails into the homes of American citizens. We know the great majority of adult Americans want this obscene material kept out of their homes and away from their children." The Post Office has no authority to prosecute mailers who offend against common decency. But it is required by law to refuse to carry obscene material. That quickly shuts out the muck merchants.

What can you do? If you receive through the mails any material you consider obscene, deliver it to your local postmaster, in the original envelope. Postmasters are being instructed to forward such material to the Office of the Solicitor, Post Office Department, Washington, D. C.

GOOD NEWS: With all the stories of corruption, self-seeking and artful dodging going on in the land, it's refreshing to hear of a Chicago industrialist, Robert S. Alexander, who, when he completed a government contract at lower cost than expected, turned back \$390,000 instead of pocketing it. His company was operating on a fixed-price basis. He didn't have to return any saving he was able to effect. But his plant, making ammunition parts under a \$4 million Navy contract, was able to do the job at less than contract price, still make a reasonable profit. Previously Alexander had cut the price \$346,000—adding up to total savings to the Federal exchequer of about three-quarters of a million dollars. Mr. Alexander's succinct comment: "We don't believe in gypping the government. The government is the people and we're the people."

May Mr. Alexander's tribe increase!

RIGHT TO WORK: What's the hullabaloo about? Simply whether unionism is to be voluntary or compulsory. So-called "right to work" laws (18 states have them and more are considering) prohibit unions or employers from mak-

ing union membership a requirement for getting or keeping a job. Unionists argue that all workers in a given plant get the benefit of union activities; those who do not help to pay are free-loading. Opponents argue that to force a man to join a union in order to work, is to deprive him of personal liberty. It's individual vs. group. Both are vital. Where do the rights of the individual stop and the rights of the group begin? And where do the rights of the group stop and the rights of the individual begin? It's a basic conflict that perhaps can't be solved in a hundred years, let alone in a paragraph. Yet you find the usual number of clergymen who have confidently recruited God for one side or the other.

COURIER'S CUES: Watch for news that Vice-President Nixon will visit Spain this summer on another of his good-will tours . . . Don't be surprised if Adlai Stevenson decides to run for the Senate instead of the Presidency; it would be easier to lick Senator Dirksen than Mr. Eisenhower . . . And Walter Reuther may also try for the Senate . . . Of 525 men who have come to dinner at the White House, 294 were businessmen; 81 were administration leaders; 51 editors and writers; etc., etc.; and only 6 were church leaders.

Federal judiciary pay raise makes it legally impossible for present members of House or Senate to be appointed to the Federal bench until after their terms expire . . . Business for second

half of year doesn't look as good as first half. . . . With a carry-over of 925 million bushels of wheat, the new crop is coming in at 850 million bushels . . . A group of Congressmen are building up support for measure to allow taxpayers to deduct part of tuition costs of college education . . . Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas is slated to travel to Moscow this summer . . . And May 1-8, American Camp Week and National Family Week.

• ABROAD •

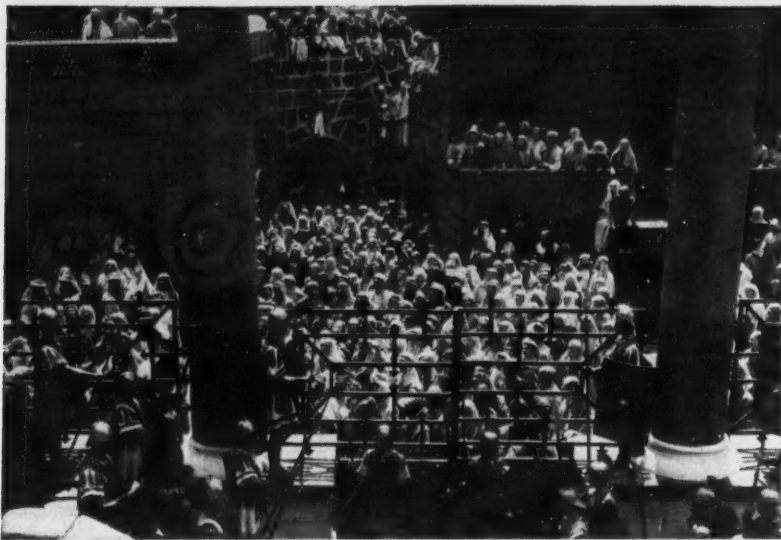
BEVAN: Wiry Clement R. Attlee beat the rotund Aneurin Bevan, but just barely. By a vote of 141 to 112, Laborite members of Parliament found Mr. Bevan guilty of disloyalty to Mr. Attlee, and "withdrew the whip." That means Bevan will not receive official communications from the party. But the close vote hardly constituted the decisive swift kick that Mr. Attlee had hoped for. He managed to push Mr. Bevan out the door, that's all.

What caused the ruckus? Mr. Bevan publicly ridiculed and humiliated Mr. Attlee, head of the Labor Party, during a debate in Commons. And over there, they just don't mess around with stuff like that. Even so, don't write off American-baiting, Red-pampering Nye Bevan yet. He may be able to slug his way back in—he did it once before. Whatever ill the squabble bodes for the two factions of the Labor Party, the fact that there are two factions is a ray



RNS

HOLY-LAND BOUND: With the exclusive use of the S.S. *Silverstar*, the second annual Christian Herald Bible Land tour embarked for 59 days of inspirational lectures and sight-seeing in the Mediterranean area. Tour members from 33 states were aboard. Dr. Daniel A. Poling (*far right*) was chaplain, and Carroll M. Wright (*center*) Tour Director. Highlight of the pilgrimage was Easter services held at the traditional site of Christ's tomb in Jerusalem.



COLLEGIATE SPECTACULAR: Bob Jones University faculty and students (800 in one scene) have produced a feature-length, biblically centered color film, "Wine of Morning,"—and on a home-grown DeMille rivaling scale. Based on the book of the same title by Bob Jones, Jr. (who plays the part of Pilate), the \$100,000-plus film is being premiered in 25 cities between April and June.

of welcome sunshine to the Conservatives. What better time to call an election?

FAURE: New Premier of France Edgar Faure is actually an old hand at the job. In 1952 he was Premier for 40 days. How long he'll keep the job this time is anybody's guess, so better look quick. A lawyer by profession, Mr. Faure has been in and out of the Cabinet since 1949. He was Finance Minister and then Foreign Minister in the Mendes-France government. He's in office by tolerance of Gaullists and Popular Republicans—each of which party has enough votes to kick him downstairs when it feels like it. His own party, the Radical Socialists, is split into factions. This 21st government of France is a long way from stability. And how much more "here today, gone tomorrow" rule can France take? How long before people call in frustration for a strong man—and get a Hitler or Stalin with a French accent?

EDEN: While Mr. Dulles was taking a serious view of Red designs upon Quemoy and Matsu, Sir Anthony Eden called for a settlement of the Formosa dispute on the basis of a "deal." The Communists would get the offshore islands and perhaps a seat in the UN if they promised not to go after Formosa by force. Britain's concern for the interests of Red China is profound—her concern in Eastern China, that is. Britain wants the world to know that if the U.S. attempts to defend Quemoy and the Matsus, she will have no part in it. After all, Britons point out, those two

islands are practically in Red China's lap—only a few miles from the mainland. It doesn't make sense, they argue, for the Nationalists or Americans to act as if the Reds shouldn't have them.

But Hong Kong is a shoe on the other foot. It is only one mile from the mainland of China. But Britain would defend it—and rightly—to the death. The difference is not one of proximity or logic or vulnerability. The difference is that Hong Kong is British.

PIGS FOR PEACE: When frock-coated Washington diplomats couldn't get a rise out of Moscow, Iowa hogs could. The Des Moines Register suggested in an editorial (to which it probably never expected an answer): "We hereby extend an invitation to any delegation Krushchev wants to select to come to Iowa to get the lowdown on raising high quality cattle, hogs, sheep and chickens We figure that more knowledge about the means to a good life in Russia can only benefit the world and us. It might even shake the Soviet leaders in their conviction that the U.S. wants war." The Russian Ministry of Agriculture (which apparently reads the Register) said the Soviet Union would be happy to send a delegation of farmers and scientists to Iowa to study its corn and hog culture, and that an Iowa delegation also should come to Russia. President Eisenhower could think of nothing better than to have Russian farmers take a look at agricultural progress here. But, he added, there are so many difficulties in the way that he does not know whether it could be arranged.

Seems to us a project like that should not be sidetracked by any difficulties whatsoever, many or few.

MARGARET: Leave it to Princess Margaret! She never could wear her tiara straight. When she wanted to smoke or visit the Pope, she did it and closed her ears to criticism and her eyes to finger pointing. The admonition, "But a princess of Britain just doesn't do that," never cut any ice with her. And now it looks as if she wants to marry Group Captain Peter Townsend. The problem is that he is a divorced man. Dr. Alfred Blunt, Bishop of Bradford, and the cleric who was the original denouncer of the romance of the Duke of Windsor and Wallis Simpson, again got in on the ground floor by officially frowning upon any such marriage for Margaret. "If rumors and reports are true," he said for the public prints, "it would seem that the only solution would be for one of the parties involved to say that they would not go ahead with their plans."

Whatever the stand of the Church of England or its bishops or archbishops, we have an idea Margaret will do as she chooses, and let the diamond chips fall where they may. All the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men won't keep her from scandalizing those susceptible to scandalizing—and there are some of us left.

• CHURCH NEWS •

BILLY GRAHAM: This reporter sat with 20,000 people in Madison Square Garden and heard him preach. There was nothing emotional about the meeting; we've seen more emotion at weddings. The evangelist spoke with conviction and that was it. He said nothing that has not been said for centuries. But he spoke unequivocally. "The Bible says—" was his sufficient authority and the bedrock of his preaching. And in the city that Billy Sunday regarded as case-hardened, a throng of perhaps a thousand responded to the invitation. For our money, that was the emotional peak of the meeting—young and old quietly moving forward, while Billy folded his arms and looked out over the audience, saying nothing at all.

His critics will of course not be appeased. It is fashionable to despise the day of large things, a defense mechanism, we suspect, of people geared only to small things (and we would not minimize their importance). If Jesus were to feed 5,000 today, no doubt He would be criticized—not because He fed them, but because there were 5,000.

SPAIN: It seems that a plan for a formal agreement between the United States and Spain on religious rights has been shelved in favor of, as the Associ-

ated Press put it, "a less dramatic and less attention-gathering memorandum." That's a far cry from last December, when word went out that the two countries were on the deep edge of signing an agreement. Dean James A. Pike, of St. John the Divine, New York, lambasted the government's intention at that time. It looks as if his protest was heard.

The "simple memorandum" method is the practice in other countries which recognize Roman Catholic canon law. And, simple or dramatic, the law of the land in which the marriage takes place applies. Roman Catholics in Spain still won't be able to marry Protestants without approval of Roman Catholic authorities. But the U.S. government won't be dignifying the arrangement by official and public pronouncement.

TIMES OF THE SIGNS: Three times in the last year police have chiseled, pried loose or otherwise removed the inscription, "Chiesa di Cristo" (Church of Christ) from the walls of the denomination's meeting place in Rome—the last time despite the fact that Italy's Attorney-General had published a decision which in effect upheld the right of the church to display its name. On their third round, police claimed the 10-inch bronze letters were an advertising device, not mere identification. The conflict took on aspects of a comic opera. The mission began lowering by rope from an upper window a large piece of cardboard on which the



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church's name was printed. When police approached, the sign was quickly yanked up out of reach.

Whatever the merits of this particular case, the Texas-based group brings to the problem no impressive history of tolerance, either at home or abroad. In their view, everybody else, everywhere, is wrong. That now it happens to be the

Italian police is perhaps more coincidental than diplomatically disturbing.

RECIPROCITY: The chaplain of a New York school wrote a power-packed letter to the *New York Times* on the expulsion of the Rev. Georges Bissonnette from Moscow. Said letter writer Thomas Horner: "Why all this excitement about an American priest in Moscow having had his visa withdrawn? There were no front-page headlines last week, nor likewise any adequate reasons given, when our State Department refused to renew the visa of Metropolitan Boris, thus expelling him from our country after he had been sent here by His Holiness the Patriarch of Russia . . . to minister to the needs of not one congregation but hundreds. I am no authority on the political scene, but I do know something about courtesy and religious respect, and we extended neither to Metropolitan Boris."

"The *Times* stated that our State Department 'protested vigorously' at the ouster of Father Bissonnette, stating that the two cases are not parallel. True, they are not. What we did was about four times as bad. For, in any one of the churches which holds to the apostolic ministry (Roman, Anglican or Orthodox), a Bishop is more important than an ordinary priest, an Archbishop is more important than a Bishop, and (in the case of Orthodoxy) a Metropolitan is more important than an Archbishop. We expelled a Metropolitan. I am not condoning what Russia has done, but I still say that what we did was much worse. And I think that our State Department owes the Russian Orthodox Church a great apology . . . I cannot believe that [Russian Orthodox] Christian aims have been changed intrinsically just because they have been forced to live together in a state with a godless philosophy. The Roman Catholic Church, between the two wars, had to come to terms with Mussolini, and no one thought of condemning them, or of expelling the Apostolic Delegate from Washington, even when we were in a state of war. Why is our State Department so prejudiced against Russian Orthodoxy?"

"If we were really wise, we would try to get to know these people who are our fellow-Christians and establish friendly relations with them both here and in Russia. For, in my opinion, they are Russia's only hope."

WAR AND PEACE: The Indiana General Assembly has passed a bill appropriating up to \$800,000 for the purchase of First Baptist and Second Presbyterian churches in downtown Indianapolis. The county is expected to put up a similar amount. The churches are, and have been since 1920, in the way of the Indiana War Memorial Plaza. The Me-

Magnetic Tape in the Church

By Charles Westcott

CHURCH ANNIVERSARY COMING UP? Magnetic recording tape can make the

birthday celebration of your church a more memorable event. Here's how. Invite some of the senior members of your congregation to record their impressions of church activities from years gone by—laying of the cornerstone, installation of bells, important dinners and visits of church dignitaries. Put on tape, these stories make a fascinating and permanent addition to any church's historical record, and are sure to be heard with interest by churchgoers of all ages for years to come.



WHAT'S THE BEST RECORDER on the market? That's a question that comes to my desk very often. And it's a difficult one to answer because the right choice depends so much on your particular recording requirements. But I can recommend the best magnetic recording tape to use on the machine you decide to purchase.

IT'S "SCOTCH" BRAND Magnetic Recording Tape. Whether you use 111A Tape, the accepted standard of the recording field, popular 120A High Output Tape or new 190 Extra Play Tape, you can be sure of getting optimum recording results. That means cleaner, crisper sound, breath-taking realism and year-after-year fidelity. Expensive? Not at all! "Scotch" Brand Tapes actually cost less because they can be used indefinitely. Record with them over and over again. The sound is always the same—bright, sharp and pure.

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I'D LIKE TO HEAR your suggestions for the use of magnetic recording tape in your church activities. And if you have any questions, I'll be happy to answer them if I can. Just address your letters to me — c/o Church Editor,

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A good man died
 He left \$24,000
 His prosperous son
 received \$16,000
 His needy widow
 received \$8,000
 God
 received nothing
 And the good man
 might have left
 everything right
 instead of wrong
 if he had only
 MADE A WILL!

James K. Quay, Vice President
 Princeton Theological Seminary
 Princeton, New Jersey

Please send me free the letter-folder,
 "Dear Mr. and Mrs. Smith," which tells
 in simple language what I should know
 about making a Will.

Name.....
 Address.....

morial was never completed because of reluctance to raze the two churches located at the south end of the plaza.

Second Presbyterian was already preparing to build a new church in the suburbs. What First Baptist will do was not yet announced. Call it the march of progress, the normal migration of churches out of the heart of town, call it what you will. But still there is a bite of irony in this allegory of war and peace in Indianapolis, and who has conquered whom.

CHICAGO: A release has come from the National Council capsuling the Chicago meeting of its policy group of 240 members, and labeled, "What the General Board Did." There are eleven items on the list, ranging from commendation for President Eisenhower in "his search for peace in Asia and throughout the world for a 'mood of moderation' and his steadfast support of the United Nations," to deploring the "haste with which Congress has acted to terminate Federal trusteeship of American Indians." Member churches were urged to aid victims of economic pressures applied because of their championing desegregation in Mississippi. Opposition to permanent universal military training was affirmed. A national study conference on church and economic life in April, 1956, was favorably acted upon. A special commemoration of the Supreme Court's decision on segregation was approved in principle. A Labor Sunday message for next September was adopted. Definitions and procedures for speaking out on social, political and economic questions were enacted.

Eight of the items on the docket thus had strong political overtones. Two items involved perpetuation of the Council itself—adoption of a budget, and the next place of meeting of the General Board. That leaves one item out of the eleven, "Voted that the National Council study and survey the needs and resources in U.S. for ecumenical education," that sounds somewhat "religious."

A batting average of .090 is not considered spectacular in anybody's league.

IN BRIEF: Freedoms Foundation gave a top award to Billy Graham. . . . two CHRISTIAN HERALD articles captured awards for their authors: "Are You Struggling for Security?" (Mar. 1954), by Harold Roy Brennan, and "I See the Flag" (June, 1954), by Glenn H. Asquith.

Four Protestant couples, of whom one or both of the partners had been baptized a Roman Catholic, have been recently permitted to marry under Spanish civil law, a policy change. . . . There are at least 6,000 church-related



RNS

Newly completed capitol prayer and meditation room will be open daily for use of Congressmen. Nearly 20 feet square, with decor distinctive of no one faith, the room features a stained glass window showing George Washington kneeling in prayer, and an altar, upon which lies a Bible opened to 23rd Psalm.

Protestant and Eastern Orthodox welfare agencies and institutions in the United States, according to a survey by Leonard W. Mayo of National Council's Department of Social Welfare. . . . And Dr. Norris Wilson of Church World Service says that Protestant and Orthodox churches in the U.S. expect to sponsor the resettlement in this country of at least 12,000 European refugees this year.

Nearly 1,000 Southern Baptist foreign missionaries were in active service at the end of 1954. . . . Bishop Otto Dibelius of Berlin was re-elected head of the Evangelical Church in Germany. . . . Rev. Russell F. Harrison, national director of youth work for Disciples of Christ, has been named associate general secretary of the World Council of Christian Education. . . . Membership in Lutheran churches throughout the world is now estimated at more than 75 million. . . . Final count on Presbyterian merger: overwhelming approval in U.S.A. (Northern) and United Presbyterian bodies, but among U.S. (Southern), 41 presbyteries for, 37 against (a three-fourths majority was required).

• TEMPERANCE •

EMERSON ON ALCOHOLISM: Dr. Haven Emerson is a member of the Board of Health of New York city. At the 25th annual luncheon of the American Business Men's Research Foundation (a temperance education group) he made many observations about alcoholism. He approached his subject from a doc-

tor's standpoint: that alcoholism is a disease, but a preventable disease. Because there's food here for the thoughts of many, we quote at random and at length.

"Alcoholism is one of a quite limited group of diseases due to habit-forming drugs . . . Alcoholism falls within that field often loosely defined as 'Mental Hygiene,' occurring as a form of abnormal human behavior of persons affected by the depressant action of the drug on the mind, the will, conduct, motives, due to the presence of alcohol in the circulating blood . . . Alcoholism is one of the most destructive of preventable diseases. It is a self-chosen poisoning which, though widely sanctioned by social usage, brings no improvement to any function of body or mind, but instead contributes to if not actually determining a wide variety of personal social inferiorities, deteriorations and catastrophes."

... "There are some 37 million adults in the United States who are abstainers. And it is our problem to learn how we can, with humanity, with intelligence, with justice persuade people to stop using alcohol. We have very powerful opponents, and of course all the liquor industries want to have the 'beginning' made. Moderation is the beginning—not the end—of alcoholism."

"I look forward to the day when a national body devoted to health by abstinence, with policies endorsed by the leaders of science, of education and of social progress, will be accepted among the members of the National Health Council, where now there are 48 national agencies which meet the requirements for acceptance."

... "The direction of mechanization, of power and speed in all production and movement means more responsibility for the man at the wheel, the throttle, the lever or lathe. Man cannot escape the loss of control and responsibility of a brain with alcohol in it except by abstinence."

"To me our nation is humanity's great hope. Our hope of a grand melting pot of people is a most precious asset, gift, or earned result of science and education, as you choose. The weakest link in the chain of health is our conduct among ourselves, that is, our mental health. Among the hazards to mental health is the depression of will power, the loss of self-control, the self-deception following the use of alcohol as commonly used and socially encouraged. With all the will in the world for well doing, we shall fall short of our superlative possibilities if we tolerate acceptance of alcoholic beverages as necessary and desirable. Beverage alcohol is no more an inevitable accompaniment of human life and activity than are the tubercle bacillus and the spirochete of syphilis."

Is Erika really free?

Erika fled with her family past the Iron Curtain to Western Germany.

Now Erika is free, but at a terrible price. For she and her family are bound by new shackles—the bitter chains of poverty. In their escape from oppression, the family left behind practically all their belongings, and the only livelihood they have ever known. There is little for Erika—inadequate shelter, one dress, worn-out shoes. Erika doesn't understand all that has happened to her. She only knows how lonely she is without her toys, how bleak her new life is. . . .



YOU CAN HELP A CHILD LIVE FOR FREEDOM

ERIKA is but one of thousands of youngsters who escaped Communist slavery only to face the spectre of want in Free Europe. Through the Child Sponsorship Plan of the Save the Children Federation, you can provide one of these little children with supplementary food, warm clothing, shoes, blankets and other necessities and—so important—you can give him the encouragement and security that come from knowing that YOU care.

Open your heart to help a child through all the troubles of the coming year—to share with a little boy or girl the blessings you and your family have received. A little loving kindness to a child will never be lost in the sight of God.

The SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION will send you the story—and a picture, too—of the youngster you sponsor. You may correspond with your child and his family, so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship.

You can sponsor a child in Western Germany, Austria, Finland, France, Greece, Italy or Korea, as you designate. The cost to you is \$120.00 a year, \$10.00 a month—little enough to prove to a child that *freedom's way is the heart's way*. Won't you fill out and mail the coupon below, **TODAY!**

SCF National Sponsors include: Faith Baldwin, Mrs. Mark W. Clark, Mrs. Sherwood Eddy, Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, James A. Farley, Herbert Hoover, Norman Rockwell, Rev. Ralph W. Sockman, D.D., Rt. Rev. Henry St. G. Tucker, D.D., Mrs. Earl Warren, Thomas J. Watson, Mrs. Wendell L. Willkie.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

Carnegie Endowment, International Center, United Nations Plaza, New York 17, N. Y.

• I would like to sponsor a needy child in _____ (Western Germany, France, Austria, Finland, Greece, Italy, or Korea). I will pay \$120 for one year (or \$10 per month). Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐, the 1st month ☐. Please send me the child's name, address, story and picture.

• I cannot sponsor a child, but I would like to help by enclosing my gift of \$_____.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Contributions are deductible from income tax.

CH-13

Editorially Speaking...

● A PROTESTANT APPEAL IN SPAIN

AN October dispatch from Madrid, carried widely in American newspapers, reported that leaders of Spanish Protestant congregations had brought an appeal to the Minister of Justice. They asked that it be made possible for members of their churches to contract marriages in accordance with the provisions of the Civil Law. All Protestant groups joined in the appeal. Constantly local authorities throughout Spain refuse to issue permits for a civil wedding to Protestants. This means that Protestant weddings are not legal and that, before the law, the children of Protestant parents so married are illegitimate. The grounds usually given for this refusal, Protestant clergymen state, are that one or both of the prospective participants in the ceremony were once baptized Roman Catholic, and are still and must continue to be members of that faith. Protestant leaders contend otherwise and insist that under Article 42 of Spain's Civil Code, such persons as they name should be permitted to contract civil marriages.

The present appeal brings once again into sharp focus the tragic intolerance suffered by Protestant Christians in Spain. I know of this intolerance at first-hand. It covers burial and public committal to burial in cemeteries. Protestant burial, in all but a few instances, is practically a "Potter's Field" proposition, with the committal service in private.

● DR. JOHN R. MOTT

INCOMPARABLY, John R. Mott was the Christian statesman of the world in his time. As no other man of his generations, he *was* the Young Men's Christian Association, the Student Volunteer Movement, and the ecumenical church.

He was in his 90th year when, on January 31st of this year, he left the world of time and space and, in the faith that he preached and lived, moved on ahead into "greater things than these." Dr. Mott was not a clergyman but he was fittingly described as an evangelist, for it was to this ministry that his whole public life was dedicated. He had an unsurpassed genius for organization, for planning and presiding over great meetings, for raising vast sums of money for the programs he initiated or supported, and for calling to his side men of pre-eminent character and ability.

One distinguished churchman has said that "next to the Apostle Paul, the Christian Church owes more to John R. Mott than to any other one of its missionary leaders through the long centuries of its development." And around the world today, in nearly 100 countries which he visited in his constant travels, Christian leaders and others in public life pay their tribute to this man as the person who started them on the path to Christian and public service.

Dr. Mott was a profound student of priorities. He was intolerant of what he considered to be trivial and for half a century refused to permit himself to be drawn away from his first and last commitment, which was to the lay ministry of the church. As of my knowledge, he declined flattering offers of business and repeatedly turned down ambassadorships and college presidencies. He was a Protestant and he was a Methodist, and also he was a canon of the Washington Cathedral (Episcopal). He held an honorary degree from the Orthodox Theological Seminary in Paris, and numbered among his most intimate friends cardinals and priests of the Roman Catholic Church.

It was my high privilege to know Dr. Mott for more than half a century. In all these years I never found him any less than monumental in his ability, prophetic authority and spiritual courage. In the last public address that I heard him make, which was at the Constituting Assembly of the World Council of Churches in Amsterdam, he said: "I remind myself of the solemn yet hopeful aphorism that man's extremity is God's opportunity. . . . Why should we not accept with unmistakable conviction the other part of this vital aphorism, that it is God's design to utilize the present time of man's extremity as opportunity." To Dr. Mott every extremity of man was the opportunity of God. In this faith he lived and served and died and is alive forevermore. Of him also it may be said, in love and gratitude: "There was a man sent from God whose name was John."

● CHURCH ARCHITECTURE

THE Elbert M. Conover Annual Memorial Award for Fostering Spiritual Values in the Creation of Ecclesiastical Edifices is the most important honor given in its distinguished field. This annual citation of the Church Architectural Guild of America was conferred upon the Executive Editor of *CHRISTIAN HERALD* at the recent annual gathering of the Guild in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Then followed immediately the American Institute of Architects' top award in its Architectural Journalism Competition, given for Dr. Hall's *McCall's Magazine* article, "The Churches Rise Again."

This occasion gives me the opportunity to override my editorial associate and express, where the expression belongs, my appreciation for the man I regard as the finest editorial executive and one of the most distinguished writers in the religious or indeed any other field of journalism.

Daniel A. Poling
EDITOR OF *CHRISTIAN HERALD*



MAY 1955

A doctor reveals the facts on the
laboratory-tested tie between ...

Your Faith and Your Health

By PHILIP REICHERT, M.D.

YOUR faith has more to do with your state of health than you may suppose. Once, people believed that the laboratory had nothing to contribute to religion, and vice versa. Many people still believe so. But through the years I have seen the science of the laboratory and the confident faith of individuals grow closer together. During this past year, they have grown very close.

As a doctor, I have since the beginning of my medical career sensed the relationship between science and faith. Never will I forget the winter night a quarter century ago when I was a substitute interne in a busy New York hospital, and was assigned to my first ambulance duty. I realized with a sinking heart that this was critically different from anything I had done before; different from being in a hospital with its equipment, its staff, its instant help and support. I was going outside alone to face an emergency, something unheralded, unknown, maybe something unknowable. I slipped into the borrowed ambulance coat and took the borrowed cap. They were bravely marked with gold letters but they seemed too large for me or possibly I felt very small within them.

It was late at night when the first call came. The ambulance sped with a muted swirl along the snow-covered streets with only an occasional clang of the two-tone bell as it neared the corners. We passed through dark canyons of streets where people slept and then we saw the house. Far up in the darkness there was one lighted window where no one slept, where pain and sickness and fear were waiting, waiting for me. Would I know swiftly what to do? Would I have in that cumbersome bag the things with which to work?

The policeman

(Continued on page 36)

A tragic, not-to-be-forgotten parable in real life that differs only in degree from the tragedy of any church and pastor divided against each other

The Late Rector of Warleggan

ON Saturday, the 24th of January, 1952, in an isolated village near the coast of Cornwall, ended one of the most curious episodes in the history of the Church of England. Police, breaking through a barbed-wire barricade which surrounded the rectory of Saint Bartholomew's Church, Warleggan, found the body of the Reverend Frederick William Densham, M.A., aged 83. He had died of natural causes, the coroner found in an autopsy.

There is a profound sermon in Densham's life. I do not propose to preach it, however, but merely to set down what I discovered when, led by curiosity, I went to Cornwall recently to prowl among old ghosts and ascertain why for the last twenty years of his life, Densham punctiliously conducted full Sunday matins and evensong, and on proper days offered Holy Communion, to an empty church. Not

once did he ever miss a service. Not once did any parishioner attend it.

There are curious gaps in the story which never will be filled. Why, for example, was Densham appointed to remote Warleggan in the first place? It is a lonely area, populated by narrow and for the most part unlearned, close-minded Cornish shepherds, while Densham was a master of arts from the University of Oxford, a man of considerable intellectuality and sufficient private means that he did not need "the living," as it was called, of 219 pounds a year. As a young man he had several excellent parishes: Saint Stephen's at Oxford, Sudbourne in West Oxford, Saint James' in Whitehaven, though it might be noted that he remained no longer than a year in any of them. In 1914 he disappeared from Crockford's Clerical Directory and every other record, but evidently

not to go to war, for the War Office has nothing about him; nor after the publicity surrounding his death did anyone write *The Times* to span the gap between 1914 and 1931 when, tall, gaunt, pale, slightly stooped of shoulder, missing a few teeth, 61 years old, with a melodious quavering voice, he appeared in Warleggan.

The rector was a man of stubborn character and forthright views which were patently hostile to the equally adamant and prideful traditionalism of rural Cornwall. No worse personnel placement decision could possibly have been made than that which sent Densham to his fate. But why the mistake was made and so stoutly defended by ecclesiastical authority that it wrecked a church, maddened a rector and filled 127 men and women with such bitterness that not even the death of Densham softened their hearts, is again



When newspapers published in January, 1952, the account of the death of the Reverend Frederick William Densham, rector of Saint Bartholomew's Church, Warleggan, England, the facts outlined a bizarre story of clashing wills and temperaments which alienated a congregation and drove its minister to a life of eccentric seclusion. The gates to the rectory barricaded, his church boycotted by the parishioners, Densham nevertheless for twenty years conducted regular church services for empty pews. Here is the story behind a bitter breach that even death could not alter.

—The Editors

By HARTZELL SPENCE

a question that never will be answered. It was buried with the Bishop of Truro, Dr. Walter Frere, who left behind no explanation whatever of this celebrated case.

Like many another church in ancient Cornwall, Saint Bartholomew's of Warleggan dates from the thirteenth century, and has an unbroken record of Sunday services for more than seven hundred years. It is a simple example of the English "early perpendicular" style, a small gray granite house of worship capped at one end by a slate-roofed belfry. It occupies a height from which it casts benediction over wild gorse-and-heather moorlands. On clear days, ten miles southward sparkles the sea, and to the west rises lazy dust from the pottery clay pits of Saint Anstell, fifteen miles away.

THIS rugged country of narrow crooked roads, of lichen and bracken, of salmon-filled streams and stormy coast has given England a polyglot tradition. At nearby Saint Ives lived the bigamous gentleman recorded in the children's riddle; over the hills northward lies Saint Michael's Mount, home of the story of Jack the Giant Killer. The rocky coast has given up Gilbert and Sullivan's Pirates of Penzance. Close by is the Wessex of Thomas Hardy. And here in Cornwall, King Arthur set up his first round table after defeating the Danes and the seven Cornish chiefs. The inheritors of such legend change little from generation to generation.

Rector Densham, however, demanded changes of habit from his parish, and so began his downfall. The men liked their Sunday matins early, so they could get out to the fields with their sheep; Densham, against Sunday labor, set the hour at 10:30. Warleggan's evensong had been at 7:30, after which



To My Mother

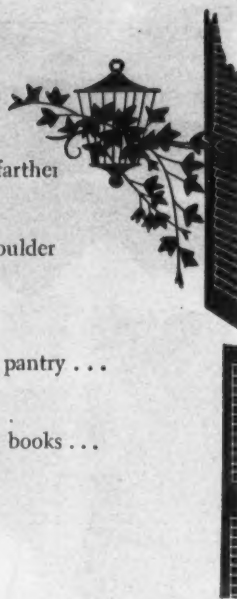
By GLENN H. ASQUITH

The jealous fingers of Tomorrow pull me ever farther
from Yesterday,
And I, on the endless belt of years between,
Turn and glance wistfully over my burdened shoulder
Coveting one fleeting glimpse of your face—
MY MOTHER.

For the memories come thronging, thronging—
Separating into pictures of the cookie jar in the pantry . . .
Of the long, snowy hill filled with sleds . . .
Of the matchless odor of home-cooked bread . . .
Of the family gathered around the fire sharing books . . .
Of breathless Christmas mornings . . .
The wonder of springtime . . .
The boisterous last day of school . . .
A small boy sprawled dreaming in the grass . . .
And all of this hallowed by you,
MY MOTHER.

Truly were you the creator,
The weaver, the artisan concerned
With filaments gossamer
For the fashioning of treasure-trove of visions and courage,
Shaping the soul of a lad to the wooing of his destiny,
MY MOTHER.

Never think, then, as you stand afar in my Yesterday
(Which was your Tomorrow),
That your day is done;
No, for whatever thing I do, whatever thing I am, or may become,
Whatever I may mean to men—
All have in them something of you:
Portions and particles of your very life flow,
Dauntless, unquenchable spirit,
Gift for sifting the lovely grain from homely chaff,
Some of your heart, in the long ago shared
With
YOUR SON



the community gathered in a church ell, long endowed by tradition as a town hall, for whist or a pipeful of conversation. To the new rector this was sinful, and to break it up, he held his evensong at 3:30 p.m., then locked the church tightly.

But what really roused the first deep ire of the parish was the new rector's refusal to shake hands. A fastidious man, he observed on his rounds that the men spat upon their hands before picking up a shovel in the barnyard, and in an incautious moment he admitted a reluctance for direct contact with Cornish spittle. From that moment he was doomed. The concrete of local pride settled against him.

To these motivations now was added a fortuitous incident which in retrospect seems to have wedged the first tangible schism between Densham and

his people. One Sunday night, thieves forced the church door and looted the offertory box. Densham, thus made aware of his own vulnerability to robbers, for his twelve-room rectory adjacent to the church was not within hailing distance of help and he, a bachelor, lived alone, bought two fierce Alsatian shepherd dogs. One of them promptly killed a sheep which grazed on the twenty-two acre glebe land from the rental of which the rector received his church income. Densham erected a six-foot barrier of barbed and woven wire around the rectory grounds and across the gate, to retain his dogs. The community immediately presumed he had done the deed to exclude these folk who spat upon their hands. Further, the rectory gardens were famous throughout the country, with their forty-foot rhododendron trees and oth-

er aged flowering shrubs, and collective Warleggan proudly escorted every visitor to view the village's one claim to fame. Now the gates were barricaded. Densham said he would be delighted to see visitors, provided they made written appointments. Local habit was against any such formality. Visiting stopped, and any chance the rector had to make friends in the community was lost.

A FURTHER misunderstanding arose, due entirely to lack of communication. Densham needed some bits of furniture for his house. There were tables, chairs and crockery in the church recreation wing which now, by reason of the Sunday night lockout, was in disuse. Densham toted what he needed to his house. Part of his stipend, furthermore, was firewood, which the farmers provided. They stopped delivering it because their wagons could not pass the barbed-wire entanglements at the gate. Densham, perhaps facetiously, let it be known that soon he might be compelled to chop up some of the church pews for wood. The parish leaders, led by the warden, Nicholas H. Bunt, and the chairman of the Parochial Church Council, Heber Willcock, both of whom were farmers, dared Densham to do any such thing. Faced with this open defiance of his authority and perquisites, the rector chopped up two pews and hauled the kindling to his stove. Willcock, arriving to protest this sacrilege, found the rector on the church roof, repairing a leak which he had long since asked the Council to fix. Densham had pulled out a score of old slates, and Willcock decided that the rector was not repairing, but dismantling the building. Words screamed between them, and that night the police in Liskeard, eight miles away, received a note from the rector accusing Willcock of threatening his life.

All these events transpired in a year and a half. The break between the rector and parish was complete. The Messrs. Bunt and Willcock drew up a petition demanding Densham's removal and filed it with the Bishop of Truro. The Bishop scheduled a public hearing for May 21, 1933, in the Warleggan church.

The day was warm for the season, and clear. Sheep grazed unattended in the meadows for ten miles thereabout as the communicants of Saint Bartholomew's, the curious from the towns of Liskeard and Bodmin, and even the members of the little Methodist chapel under the rectory garden wall, assembled to watch the Bishop, supported by the Archdeacon, Canon M. B. Williamson, walk in the full dignity of his weighty office to the church door,

(Continued on page 67)



Christian Herald's editor reports
on his journey to the Far East,
where orphanages sustained
by generosity and faith
shelter war's tiny victims

By
DANIEL A. POLING

We Are an Army of Compassion

IT was Sunday morning early, a crystal-clear, zero-cold January morning in Korea. I was headed for an orphanage, a children's home in the outskirts of Seoul. Rounding a curve in the narrow road, we slowed down to pass a perfectly appointed top sergeant in the American uniform. As he stepped briskly to the left, he looked up and smiled and then down at the three-year-old he carried in his arms. She was a round-faced, cherubic little miss, but at the moment in a high fever—tonsillitis or something worse, for there were a good many cases of pneumonia about. This particular small person was one of more than 50,000 Korean war waifs who, at the time of my visit, were being cared for in institutions perhaps the majority of which were launched by G. I.'s and all of which are now almost entirely supported by money from this country. The sergeant was taking his tiny charge to a clinic and he was in a hurry to get there. He was practically at the entrance when we met and so, with a salute and an answering grin, we rolled along.

That incident, a flash in the cold dawn, warmed the day for me and I remembered the tribute paid to our



Servicemen as well as civilians contribute to maintenance of the many Far East orphanages. Here Dr. Poling receives a gift from a group of young admirers.

overseas forces by one of the Army's greatest chaplains, then Chief of Chaplains (Major General) Ivan L. Bennett. "The Army of Compassion" he named it, and he should know for he has given a lifetime of ministry to its men on all the battlefronts of the Pacific and Asia.

As we left that sergeant and his little bundle behind us, I found my thoughts winging from Korea to North Africa. It was the spring of 1943 and I was in

front of Tabessa on the Gafsa Road in Algeria. It was night—one of the darkest nights I have ever known. The enemy still had aerial superiority and there was a complete blackout. But the chaplain had a standing invitation for his men, as many as were free of their duties after mess and cared to come, to meet with him wherever his office might be, for "evening prayers." That night with half a dozen others I groped

(Continued on page 59)



THE WILL TO WANT TO

The fire engines clanged—and Grandma was embarked
on an incredible adventure which changed her life

GRANDMA had to have someone to talk to.

She was sitting in a booth of a super drugstore, her conservative but ample navy-print form squeezed a little against the sleek plastic top, her white crepe scarf, gloves and bulging lizardskin pocketbook (a new one Alice and Richard had brought from Africa) all crouched together on her lap.

She *had* to have someone to talk to so she asked the little black-haired waitress with the tip-tilted nose for another cup of tea.

"Just a drop more," she said rather hesitantly, smiling. Her broad, pleasant face lifted with the smile and she looked ten years less than the seventy she was. Her anxious gray eyes brightened momentarily. "Where I come from we dally a little."

"Out-of-towner, huh Grandma?" the girl said cheerfully. "Havin' a good time?"

"Oh, lovely. It's a tremendous city."

"But all alone isn't always so hot." The waitress picked up her cup. "Be back in a jiff."

While she was gone, Grandma got out her coin purse. Beside it was her little Bible. Shoving it deeper into the pocketbook, Grandma felt a pang of guilt. Perfectly all right, she told herself. Not a thing out of the way. Eyes aren't as good as they used to be. Practically know it by heart anyhow.

But she hastily wiped her eyes and put up a veined but capable looking hand to still her lips. *How can I trust when my world has turned upside down?*

"Here we are," said the waitress. "Just what the (Continued on page 26)

By SALLIE HOWARD

ILLUSTRATOR: CHARLES BECK





Roger Sherman's church is attended mostly by women. "It's at my second church—the open range," he says, "that I preach to 'cowpokes.'"

Far out in the cattle country of New Mexico, a ropin', ridin' preacher brings God's word to hardy cowhands who worship under an open sky

PHOTOS BY DAVE DAVIES FROM GLOBE

Cowpoke



The "cowpokes" bow in prayer—in a setting their minister finds conducive to thoughts of God.



The preacher is particularly proud of his house of worship—and with good reason. By doing most of the carpentry himself he transformed a ruined building into this modern and attractive church.





At home in the saddle as well as in the pulpit, the roping preacher is an expert at cutting out calves for branding.

Preacher



Often a day's work consists of making a last roundup. Here Sherman and a fellow cowhand bring in the stragglers.

AS pastor of a church far out in New Mexico's cattle country, Roger Sherman has a ministry which lands him in the saddle as often as it puts him in the pulpit. Reared on a Texas ranch, he worked as a cowhand until his late twenties, when—in making his decision for Christ—he became a Sunday-school missionary for the Presbyterian Church. In response to the call to carry God's word throughout the land, he decided that his best territory was the distant and desolate reaches of the great Southwest. For three years, working out of Eureka, Nevada, he conducted a circuit-riding ministry which carried him as far as Colorado and Utah. Finally—although he had never had seminary training—he was ordained by his church so that he could perform baptisms and marriage ceremonies for the ranchers he visited on the distant rangelands.

For the past seven years the Rev. Mr. Sherman has had a pulpit in Magdalena, New Mexico. But every week he still rides the range, helping with the roundups, sharing



A native Texan, Roger Sherman is well suited to a ministry which takes him into the rangelands.

cow-talk and campfire coffee with the ranch-hands, and bringing them moral guidance and informal prayer services "in settings which are every bit as spiritual as a church."

Although now in his fifties, Sherman has lost none of his ability as a cowpoke. A tireless, saddle-toughened rider, and a roper who is still an expert at "cutting" calves out of a herd for branding, Sherman has the admiration of the men he rides with. And as a preacher who literally and figuratively meets these men on their own ground, he has long since gained their deepest confidence. "There's no greater expression of a certain kind of faith than when a cowhand lends me his best 'cutting' pony," says Sherman with a modest smile. And his sentiment is confirmed by many a ranch-hand's wife, who says characteristically, "My husband is a good man, but he never attended church until Roger came along. Now my husband says Roger's the first preacher who ever talked religion in a way that a cowpoke can understand it."

THE END

Lines of a Layman

TO SUCCEED, WIN MAN'S RESPECT

J. C. Penney



IF YOU want to do well by yourSELF, if you want to make a place for yourself in this world, win the respect of those with whom you come in contact, don't overlook what the Golden Rule philosophy can do for you. Bread cast upon the waters returns to you many fold.

What I have said applies to your dealings with human beings in every walk of life. It applies to your friends, to your business associates. It applies to the driver of the bus that takes you to work, to the girl behind the counter who sells you something you need. And it applies to people of every race, nationality and faith. As the prophet Malachi said: "Have we not one Father? Hath not one God created us?"

This would be a good thing to keep in mind in our daily rounds, to remind us that all of us are the children of God, those children to whom another great Teacher said: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

I did not mean to make this sound quite so much like a preachment, but I did want to share with you some of the conclusions I have come to from many, many years of dealing with people. If you are fortunate, as I was, you learn sooner or later that you cannot live quite successfully without faith in God and in His creations. I hope I have helped a little to convince you of this, and to share with you what I earnestly believe to be a formula for successful and contented living.

(Continued from page 23)

doctor ordered. Look," she frowned at Grandma, "you're not in some kind of trouble, are you? I don't want to be nosy but you bein' alone and—"

"Oh my, no," Grandma reached for the cream pitcher. "And I'm not alone, not really. My daughter and son-in-law are with me in the same hotel. They just went for a few days to see friends. I was a little too tired to go."

"Oh. Where you folks from?"

"Well, you see," Grandma stirred sugar into her tea vigorously, "they're from Africa. Richard, that's my son-in-law, is on a business trip, so Alice came along and I met them here. It's been ten years." She hesitated, looked up to see if the waitress was still listening. "They—they want me to go back with them."

"Yeah?" The waitress sat down on the other side of the table. "What a place that'd be! All those tropical foods and head-hunters and wild animals. Got your rifle packed?"

"Oh, I'm not even absolutely sure I'm—"

"Nuts, another customer." The girl jumped up. "You have a nice time for yourself in the big town, O.K., Grandma?"

"Thank you. You're a friendly girl."

"Mutual," smiled the girl. She leaned down and patted Grandma's shoulder. "Look, whatever's eatin' you, it's not worth peanuts. Believe me."

She was gone. But Grandma considered her blue-uniformed back with a startled look. She left the girl a dollar.

Going through the revolving doors, she tried to see herself in the glass. Did worry splotch her face like measles? But no, she was all right. A little too plump perhaps but not dowdy, not in need. Alice had said how nicely she kept herself up, good blue felt to go with her tailored coat. White hair coiffed modestly but modern. Then how did that girl . . . ?

It was dark as she walked past closed stores. Grandma shivered. Esther Pickard, she told herself, it's time you faced facts. Why don't you want to go with Alice?

Nobody needs you any more, that's what it is, a thin, cutting voice seemed to say from somewhere inside. Nobody needs you and nobody really wants you. Alice and Richard are just being kind. Go and you'll be a parasite. Stay and you'll be a crusty old recluse.

I won't! Grandma argued stubbornly. I'm not helpless. There must be lots of things—

Lots of things to do for your fellow

man? that inner voice persisted. Like, for instance, crocheting another half-dozen afghans? How many since Dad died three years ago? How many?

Only four, thought Grandma persistently, and they were useful to—

Go on, the voice jibed, you know those folks only took them to make you feel good. Go on with you.

Grandma speeded up her step, put her head down a little. She'd better get back to the hotel. Alice and Richard cautioned her to be careful. Such wonderful children, always thinking of her safety. "You'll feel so much more secure with us," they'd said, "and there'll be absolutely nothing to do but sit and rock."

SIT and rock! After bustling for all these years? If only . . . After all, she had been president of the Literary Guild. And president of the Wives of Deacons, and for twenty years president of the Missionary Society. But now what? Only really eligible for one group now, one she wouldn't attend—the Past Presidents' Club. It was true. Nobody really needed her. Nobody—

Theater lights ahead flashed out at her. So-and-so starring in—

"Help! Police!" A man's voice screamed in the darkness.

Theft? Murder? *What shall I do?* What—Grandma remembered seeing a box on a pole at the corner. She turned, suddenly trembling and breathless, afraid to take such responsibility. But someone was in need.

Yes, there was the box. She broke it open.

Within five minutes her call was answered. But not by the police. Grandma had summoned the fire department, and the screaming accuser had gone out of sight, the criminal had not materialized. Only Grandma was present in the darkness to receive them. And the fire department didn't like it.

"Too bad if you're tellin' the truth," a fireman said, "but a false alarm's a pretty serious thing. We got to turn you over to the police."

"But I—"

"Know what a single call costs this city? Know what—"

"All right, gentlemen," said Grandma quietly, "I'll be glad to give myself up."

She was held in the lock-up over night and at a court hearing the next day was asked by a leonine judge in a modified roar, "Are you guilty of calling in a false alarm?"

"Yes," she said. "I did it."

"Sentenced to twenty days." The magistrate scowled at her, "And I must say, Madam, I'm surprised that a woman of your age and demeanor should willfully commit an act of this kind."

(Continued on page 50)

HOME OF THE BRAVE

By GRACE NIES FLETCHER

A NEW nurse in a Boston hospital was horrified one morning recently to find a young man patient listening to a phonograph record of a lecture on philosophy while waiting for the hospital cart to carry him up to the operating room. "Just lie back and relax," she said as she snapped off the machine on his bedside table. "You'll be up in surgery in a few minutes!"

The boy grinned at her. "But I haven't finished my homework. Didn't you know I was going to college—*right here in bed*? And besides, studying helps me to forget the butterflies in my stomach."

The hospital patient was actually a freshman in good standing at Boston University's College of General Education. The recorded lecture he was hearing was exactly the same as that heard by students in the classroom. But in this unique course, instead of the student's going to class, the professor—in person or through the medium of recordings—would come to his bedside at regular intervals. It was Dean Judson Butler who had the brilliant idea of bringing the college to bed-ridden students—or "exceptional students" as he calls them, refusing to admit that they are handicapped simply because tuberculosis, polio or some other ailment has confined them to a bed or wheel chair. "Their brains can still walk and run!" insists Dean Butler.

The chief of staff of one hospital dismissed the idea as nonsense when Boston University started classes among his patients about a year ago. But after nine of his tubercular patients quickly showed astonishing improvement, the doctor promptly changed his mind.

(Continued on next page)

Unique opportunity for the handicapped: a college program that brings the classroom to the students.



ILLUSTRATOR: PAUL CALLE

"The best possible therapy," he now says, "is looking forward to getting well."

Dean Judson feels even more strongly about educating bedridden young people. "A trained, aggressive mind," he told his trustees, "is more important to our national defense than knowing how to handle a plane or a guided missile. In this country we should make it possible for *all* our young people to participate in the work of the nation. The very essence of democracy is a firm belief in the value of every citizen, no matter how poor, sick or desperate. If we didn't believe this, there would be nothing worth fighting for."

And so Dean Butler was permitted to try his experiment of "putting the college in bed with the patient." The dean emphasized that it would be no "snap course." The bed-student would read the same textbooks, do the same homework, take the same examinations as any other student. The regular lectures would be brought to him on discs—which he could listen to through earphones so that other patients would not be disturbed. And faculty members would pay regular visits to his bed or wheel chair. From here on it would be up to the bed-student to prove he was as worthy as the next fellow of winning a college degree.

The fierce intensity with which these young patients snatched at the chance to "go to college" resulted in a tremendous leap from despair to exaltation. This was probably the most valiant group ever to register in a class. Two were patients in iron lungs; ten were tubercular; one had a rare blood disease requiring many transfusions; the others were young men and women who would never walk again. But all had

one thing in common—a healthy mind which was now free to run through the wide-open fields of knowledge.

For some the experiment proved to be an unusually challenging experience. Paul O'Brien was one of the youngest. When he graduated from high school the previous June he had been one of the most promising track stars in New England and had been granted a college athletic scholarship for the following fall. He planned to become an English teacher and a track coach. And he was in love with a wonderful girl—who thought he was wonderful too. What more could life offer! Two months later, in one blow, polio virtually smashed both his legs. Now, after agonized weeks in bed, Paul knew he'd never walk another step, and would never take his girl to another dance. He was through, finished, done—at eighteen. Little wonder he turned his face to the wall and refused to speak to anyone.

FINALLY the surgeon at Children's Hospital called Mrs. Alice Gamble, the registrar at Boston University and unofficial mother to all shut-in students within sixty miles of Boston. "I'm seriously worried about O'Brien," said the doctor. "Would you bring over some lectures and see what you can do?"

Paul wouldn't even look at Mrs. Gamble when she came to visit him. Defiantly resistant, he lay there without speaking, his face like granite, his body tautly rigid underneath the sheet. Thought Mrs. Gamble, "He's afraid that if he once lets go, he'll go all to pieces." And then impulsively she leaned forward and slipped the earphones over the boy's head. The lecture was on American literature, and Mrs.

Gamble has always thought that the Lord must have guided her hand, for the voice said clearly, "The great Mark Twain once had an emotional block so that it seemed as if he would never be able to write again. But he refused to accept his 'sentence.' Instead, every morning he would dress himself in white from head to foot, and then proudly walk up Broadway, to prove to himself and the world that he wasn't finished."

A light that was never on land or sea dawned on Paul's excited face as he tore the earphones from his head. Mrs. Gamble could hardly hold back the tears as he asked in a breathless voice, "Do you think anyone would hire a cripple . . . an English teacher who used crutches?"

Paul, however, learned slowly. His big problem was self-pity. It kept getting in his way. Yet it was—of all things—a flight of stairs that finally cured him. As soon as he was able to handle his crutches he began attending classes at college. But always he had to go in the back way so as to use the elevator. And this he hated. A long flight of granite steps ran up to the college front door, and it became Paul's great ambition to climb these steps by himself. Every morning he would try, wobbling precariously on his crutches, landing again and again in the arms of another student who reached out at the last moment to keep him from falling—and finally having to admit defeat and go around to the back door and that hated elevator.

His degree, his career, his whole future life somehow got mixed up in Paul's stubborn mind so that they all seemed to depend on his conquering those steps. Morning after morning he would begin his perilous climb, swaying, shaking, rocking, yet always getting closer to the top—until finally one morning he flung his limp body into Mrs. Gamble's office, yelling triumphantly, "I did it! I made those steps! I came in by the front door!"

From then on Paul's success in rebuilding his life was assured. He made the dean's list as an honor student, and entered energetically into all phases of college life. Just before Christmas he swung himself into Mrs. Gamble's office, banged his hand against the backs of his knees to make them bend, and thumped down in the chair by her desk to announce, "I've just been picked to sing in the University Choir! We're going to sing the *Messiah*." His young face was alive with a radiant smile. "What a lift you get from singing in that chorus. Believe you me, I can *really* sing Hallelujah!"

And this was the boy who only months before had been in despair.

(Continued on page 34)

PRAYER for Spring Cleaning

Be with me, Father, as I use this broom,
Direct me, as I clear this dust away,
That courage penetrate the deepening gloom
And praying rout the fears that mar each day.
O grant some solvent that will cleanse the stain
Where careless acts soiled fibers of my being;
If any sorrow, let it buff the grain
While faith reflects Thy plan I should be seeing.
Where life accumulates the webs of hate
And scars of envy groove my yielding face,
Lest greed destroy the pattern, soon or late—
Until the joy of living loses pace—
Let heart and mind be also set aright
As winter's grime is now removed from sight.

—Marel Brown



TEXT: "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies."—PROVERBS 31:10

Portrait of a Mother

By BARTLETT L. HESS

Minister, Warren Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago, Illinois

WHAT is the best picture of a mother ever painted? There are those who would say it is Raphael's Sistine Madonna which used to hang in the Zwinger Gallery in Dresden, Eastern Germany. Many think this is the most perfect face which has ever been painted. Line and color, light and shade, make a most remarkable picture. Perhaps there are those who would regard Leonardo da Vinci's Mona Lisa in the gigantic Louvre Museum in Paris as the world's greatest picture of a mother. Still others would speak of Whistler's lovely portrait in which a plainly-gowned mother with worn hands sits peacefully; the artist never intended that it should be a symbol of motherhood, but it has caught the fancy of many as being just that.

But there are other ways of painting than with a brush and colors on canvas. With words one can secure shades of meaning impossible in other forms of expression. The finest picture of motherhood ever painted is in words and it forms the closing portion of the Book of Proverbs.

In the New Testament it would not

be surprising to find an exalted picture of a mother. But here it is in the Old Testament.

The twenty-two verses of the last chapter of Proverbs (Proverbs 31:10-31) are an alphabetical acrostic. Each verse begins with a letter of the Hebrew alphabet, the 10th verse with "aleph" and the 31st verse with "tav," the last letter of the Hebrew alphabet. We are told many things about this ideal mother, about her price, her husband, her life, her hands, her food, her servants, her merchandise, her candle, her tongue, her children and her works. There are six different things described which belong to her: her husband, her industry, her charity, her clothing, her tongue and her children.

Let us look first at her husband.

WHEN a man's heart is at ease because he trusts his wife, he can face the difficulties of his daily work or hard circumstances as they arise. It was said of this woman, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil." When

a man knows that he cannot trust his wife there is constant unrest within. He cannot settle down to his work.

There has been much discussion and rebellion in the last half century in this country against the double standard, that is, the right of a man to be immoral while a woman must remain moral. The trend has been toward a single standard, women choosing to be immoral on the same level with men. According to the Word of God and Christ there is no ground for anything but purity for women as well as men, a single standard but a pure one. At the same time women guard the treasure of the race. When they squander it, the whole country suffers.

The woman is strategic for good or ill. She makes or breaks her husband and children. "Every wise woman buildeth her house: but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands" (Prov. 14:1). The condition of woman in any country is the touchstone of that nation.

The writer in Proverbs is speaking about the solid relationship of love and
(Continued on next page)

A Prayer for Time

THOU Eternal God, who hast given us the breath of life and sustained us through all our days, we gratefully praise Thee. This new day is a miracle; help us to take it from Thy hand as a priceless gift to be spent carefully and joyfully.

For little children to whom a day is as a year, we ask Thy blessing.

For those of maturity to whom a year goes as a day, we ask a realization of Thy steadfast love.

Forgive us for the many hours we have wasted in a senseless effort to kill time. Blot out the memory of bitter hours filled with remorse and loathing. Kindle our memories of glad hours, brave hours, hours when we have conquered self and achieved some measure of usefulness to our generation.

Quicken within us a new wonder at life itself, a bright shining of anticipation of Thy leading us this day.

Teach us anew that as our days so shall our strength be, and Thou wilt allow no testing to come without power to conquer.

Whether our days be few or many, may we live in the assurance that our times are in Thy hand. Make us centers of calm and quietness.

Whenever we are afraid may we trust in Thee. For truly man does not know his time but Thou dost know, and as we yield to Thy will we find our peace.

This day, O God, be Thou our eyes, our ears, our feet; and when night shadows darken may we bow in thankfulness for Thy gift of time. *Amen.*

—MABEL M. TILTON

loyalty. The husband trusts his wife and knows that she will protect him and his best interests in every situation that arises. She will care for his home, his children, his money, his needs. He has no need of gain for she is his gain and protects and extends his finances by her economies.

What a wonderful thing to say about a woman: "She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." She will not be a good wife a few years and then make life miserable for him or turn against him. Circumstances, people, life itself changes, but she goes on doing him good all the days of her life.

"Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land." The gates were the places of judgment, where the town meeting was held. The husband is known in the gates because he has a good wife who has helped to make him what he is. She may be a stronger personality than he, but she has invested herself in him.

She has helped to make him everything he is, and lived in the shadows that he might be in the sunlight of public acclaim. There are wives who build themselves up by tearing their husbands down, publicly or privately. They do not realize that in tearing their husbands down they are tearing down themselves and their home. The position of the family is the position of the husband. Many a man with splendid possibilities has been undermined and humiliated and has lost his self-confidence because of a wife who riddled him in word and attitude.

The mother of Proverbs is a woman of industry. We learn that: "She worketh willingly with her hands." She not only works, she works with enthusiasm. Her hands are mentioned several times. She plants a vineyard with the fruit of her hands, the money she has made through spinning and weaving. She lays her hands to the spindle. She stretches out her hand to the poor and her hands to the needy. There is al-

ways food in her house and frequently it is prepared at night by her. Her lamp does not go out. There is always a light burning.

This mother is a good business woman. She knows what to pay for a field and buys it. She also is able to plant it with vines she has bought through the sale of linen belts she and her maidens have made. She works with her head as well as with her hands.

It is interesting to observe that more verses are given to describe this mother as an industrious woman than to any other phase of her character. "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." The ways of the household are the preparation of foods, keeping of the clothes in order, the cleaning of the home, the looking after the children with their spiritual and intellectual as well as physical needs.

"She eateth not the bread of idleness." There are some women—and men—who expect a free ride through life. Others pull and work while they do as little as possible. This mother refuses to eat such bread. She is far more of a producer than a consumer. There comes a day when there is a family need: a house to be bought, an illness to be paid for. She brings forth the savings she has tucked away through her industry and economy.

I always marveled in my childhood that even when circumstances were hard and we had nothing coming in, Mother always had something tucked away somewhere. I still marvel at it.

ANOTHER interesting facet of the character of this mother is her charity. She not only works night and day and saves and buys wisely but she gives. "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy." There is a distinction between the words for "hand" and "hands." She reaches out her palm with money in it to the poor. She might well have said as others have said, "If they had worked as hard as I have, they would not be poor." She has not only a busy hand but a generous heart as well. The word for "hands" here refers to the muscles of the hand, the grip that she extends to lift up the needy. She is not satisfied with giving her money alone. She gives herself and her strength also.

In Arab Jerusalem I visited an orphanage conducted by a middle-aged single woman who had opened her home, a beautiful stone mansion, when all the adults had been massacred during the Arab-Jewish War. She took in fifty-five orphans and now has 150 in her home. She said to me, "There are

(Continued on page 49)



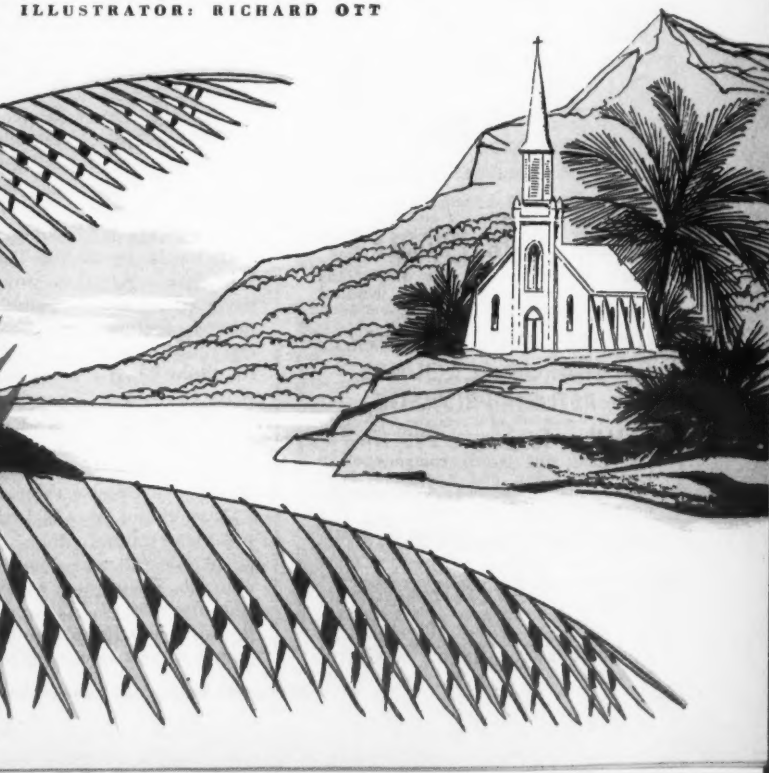
Many Mansions

WHEN I got home last Christmas from my fourteen-week trip around the world I found myself in a vortex of family excitement and holiday festivities. On the less carefree side were mountains of mail and social and business obligations. For a long time these problems had seemed very remote. I knew they all existed—but I was so far away! Distance lends enchantment, but it also breeds carelessness. At ten thousand miles you think, "What can I possibly do about it?" And then suddenly you are home and there are the problems waiting for you.

Ever since I've been home, friends, and even strangers, in letters or in person, have besieged me with the same request—"Tell me all about your trip." This would be impossible, unless I were to write a small book—which I have no intention of doing. Yet little by little I find myself recalling highlights of my trip—the amusing things that happened, my pleasure in visiting old friends and familiar places, the excitement of meeting new people and seeing strange lands. I have come to the conclusion that while you are on a trip you don't know much about it— *(Continued on next page)*

By **FAITH BALDWIN**

ILLUSTRATOR: **RICHARD OTT**



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because you are so busy living it. It is only in retrospect that the trip's events come to you clearly and in perspective. For example, the long flight from Sydney, Australia, to London. It is even longer than it appears on the timetable, when you are "flying with the sun." A timetable may say that it is ten hours from one place to another. Yet you might have to turn your watch back two hours, so that actually you fly for twelve.

Although you think you are not noticing them, the noise and vibration of the plane can make you very tired. Also, you eat a great deal. Hostesses are always feeding you. I also recall that during the flight from Sydney to Darwin I sat cross-legged in the dimly-lit cabin of my plane and vaguely wondered what I was doing there. The seat next to mine was empty, and since the arm between the seats had been removed I decided to stretch out and take a short nap. I had temporarily lost my shoes, having kicked them off, so that they now reposed under the seat of the very charming Dutch doctor who sat in front of me. I hadn't been getting enough sleep, and as I lay there I thought, "Let's face it, my girl, you are simply too old for this sort of thing."

In my stocking feet I staggered back to the lounge to wash my face. I thought I'd feel better if I freshened up. I found I was being followed by our hostess—an incredible girl who always looked cool, serene and lovely. She asked if I felt all right and if I would like a cup of tea. Then she brought it to me and I drank it, gratefully. How incredible this must sound—that one of the memorable events of my trip was a cup of tea at four-thirty in the morning. Yet I know why. It was a cup of tea sweetened and fortified by a warm, personal kindness that went far beyond the requirements of merely efficient service.

"Tell us," insist my friends—who think me slightly mad because I did not go around taking snapshots—"tell us about the Hotel Raffles in Singapore. Tell us about breakfast in Cairo and lunch in Rome. Tell us about Bangkok." At this point none of these places holds much interest for me. My feeling is merely one of wonder that I was there at all. Throughout the flight I had a sense of almost complete unreality. "There's Bali," someone would say, pointing out the window. "There's Capri. The lake in that volcano crater is the highest in the world, over twelve thousand feet."

Now if my friends had only asked me about churches. . . .

Let me tell you about some of the churches I saw, such as the one on the island of Maui in the Hawaiian Islands. I flew from Honolulu to Maui, which I had never visited, to spend

five breathless days with some old friends. One rainy day we set off on a sixty-five mile drive through the mountains—along narrow, winding, precipitous roads, past rushing waterfalls.

On the way we stopped at a small Hawaiian church. The friend who drove us was acquainted with the church and its pastor—a Hawaiian woman who, although away at the time, had arranged for the church to remain open and for some of her congregation to be there. The church was set back from the road and high above the ocean. Never have I seen such colors—the sea an unbelievable blue, the bright white of the church, the green well-trimmed grass, and the little flower garden and shrubs which were cared for with such love and pride by the congregation. Three middle-aged women, in white dresses, came to greet us. They had sweet, brown, smiling faces, and they presented us with flower leis. We inspected their tiny cemetery above the sea, and then we entered the church. Waiting for us was an elderly woman who was almost bent double with age. The other women, in their soft, liquid language, called her "grandmother." She was one hundred and two years old, yet her face had the extraordinary beauty often found in elderly Polynesian women. She had remarkable bright eyes, an alert mind, and she carried herself with great dignity.

WE sat in the front pews of the church and silently prayed. The sound of the sea was far away, but the smell of flowers and salt air and sunshine permeated the church. One of the women then conducted a personal service for us. She prayed aloud in English and then in Hawaiian. Then we said the Lord's Prayer together and we sang an old hymn. Our acting pastor read from the New Testament in English, and finally she gave us a loving benediction. I have never attended such a service. And I don't think I ever shall again—unless I go back to that tiny village, and again enter that little white church high above the beautiful sea.

After the service we went into the spotlessly clean church house for what we thought would be only coffee. It turned out to be a pre-arranged luau, or small feast. At each place was some baked taro. There was also pork cooked in ti leaves, dishes of seaweed and salmon, and finally coffee and cakes. As I ate I thought of the lunch basket in the car which we had packed with all the ingredients of a sumptuous American picnic. We planned to have our picnic at a place where the road dips down to the sea, and where the great black rocks are wildly lashed by the foaming water. We did go there an hour later,

but we never touched a morsel of our picnic lunch.

After the *luau*, we thanked our hosts and went on to another church which my friends wished me to see. It was an old Roman Catholic church in a tiny community. Its interior walls had been painted an almost blinding blue. As we stood there we heard an ancient car come wheezing up to the front of the church. We went out to find the priest, a tall, husky Belgian who had brought his dog with him. He explained that he had held a service earlier, and had then gone off to hold another service in another community.

MANY weeks later I stood in still another church which was just as unfamiliar to me—Westminster Abbey. It is beautiful beyond words, and so big that the two little Hawaiian churches would have been all but lost in its spacious reaches. It was an overcast morning, and there were only a few people in the Abbey. As my companion and I went from one chapel to another we had the feeling that the walls of this great church had been saturated with the spirit of worship, and that history was slowly seeping into our bones. We also visited one small chapel seldom visited by tourists—a rather bare, yet beautiful, room, named St. Faith's.

Later we went to visit St. Paul's Church, which seems to stand guard over Fleet Street. We found a Christmas service for the children in progress. An enormous Christmas tree stood outside the church at the top of the steps. The sanctuary itself was crowded with children of all ages accompanied by their parents. The youngsters joined with the choir in singing carols. Above their young heads space soared to the great dome through which a bomb had exploded during the ugly days of World War II. A young boy, in a sweet child-like voice, read part of the service. When he finished the children rose again to sing another carol.

As we were leaving to go down to the crypts, I noticed a man sitting alone in the very last pew. I couldn't tell if he was young or old. I could see only that he was battered and shabby, and that he had come to the end of a frayed and slender rope. I couldn't stop thinking about him. London in December produces a knifelike chill that cuts to the very marrow of your bones. Had this man wandered into the church to find a little warmth? Had some recollection of his childhood—happy or unhappy—brought him here? Would St. Paul's give him something more than merely physical comfort? I shall, of course, never know any of the answers. Yet I hope this man took something away with him, possibly something he might have been seeking for years—

for no one should be empty-hearted on the birthday of our Lord.

Moving through the crypts—and thinking of Lord Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, and the young RAF flyer whose heroism is commemorated on a small bronze plaque placed in the wall near an imposing bust of George Washington—I finally came to a chapel which has also been dedicated to St. Faith. It is a much larger chapel than the one in Westminster Abbey, and I was told that it was frequently used for services during the war.

There was another place of worship I remember. On a day sharply whipped with rain and wind, I went into the chapel of King's College at Cambridge University. No lights had been turned on, and in the darkness the magnificent stained-glass windows appeared like illuminated jewels, with their brilliant, flashing reds and purples. Off this room was a small chapel, dedicated to the men who had died in World War I. I stayed for a long time . . . thinking of these men.

There are certain things—perhaps the word is imponderables—that are, so to speak, all of a piece in their sustained continuity. Love, for example—love of God, of friend and stranger, of family, of country, of work and beauty. Worship is another continuity, a vast network, an endless reaching. It is also like a delicate, yet unbreakable, thread which stretches completely around the world. Everywhere I went I could feel this continuity of worship—from the little Hawaiian churches, to the great Westminster Abbey, to the chapel at Cambridge. Throughout the world you will find this thread. Wherever you find it, you will also find vitality. The feeling of having once come close to it will never leave you. And when you return to your own familiar place of worship you will find it again. This is the reaching outward and upward which has been instinctive in man's heart and spirit since the beginning of time, man's spiritual hunger.

Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions." Yet here on earth there are also many mansions, of all sizes, shapes, and qualities—and all built to His glory. I know my recollections of these places of worship will remain with me long after other memories of my journey have dimmed.

What you bring home from a journey is not the excitement, the strangeness of new situations, the adventure of distant places. It is, instead, the familiarity to which you cling—the warmth and kindness of gentle friends, the courage and intelligence of everyday people, the unexpected generosity and thoughtfulness of strangers. And above all there is the awareness that when you pray and give thanks, you do not do it alone.

THE END



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HOME OF THE BRAVE

(Continued from page 28)

Mrs. Gamble feels that looking after these youngsters is the biggest and most satisfying job she has ever had. Day after day she drives over 200 miles in making the rounds of these shut-ins. And always she arrives with the same robust optimism—like a smart doctor who has you feeling better even before he has opened his little black bag. "I distribute lecture discs and advice," says Mrs. Gamble, "but never pity."

Even in a university with sixteen schools to choose from, it isn't always easy to choose a vocation for a shut-in. Recently a doctor asked Mrs. Gamble to visit a young man who had gone through two years of medical school before being stricken with polio. Mrs. Gamble found him with both legs paralyzed and his two hands suspended by a stringed device over an electric typewriter on which he had just barely enough strength to type. "I can never be a general practitioner," the young man admitted, "yet I feel I must do something . . ."

The college authorities went into a huddle and then suggested he specialize in psychology. As a psychiatrist, instead of his having to go to his patients, they would come to him. And by his own example, he could prove to them that no one is ever licked until he admits it.

Every young man stricken with a crippling disease must face the even tougher problems of loneliness, the knowledge that he is now different from other people, the realization that he'll never date a girl again. For this reason Dean Butler insists that his bed-students come to college as soon as they graduate to crutches or wheel chairs, even if they attend class only once a week. The camaraderie and easy give-and-take with the other boys helps to remind an exceptional student that he is still one of the gang. Many of these students are above average in intelligence. And those that aren't quickly make up for it in courage and persistence.

One married student with paralyzed legs drives 20 miles to college every day. While still in the hospital he passed his freshman exams half a month sooner than his classmates. When he came home it irked him to have to depend on his wife for transportation. So he learned to drive a car operated entirely by hand controls. Now every morning he shoots his wheel chair down the ramp from his front door, pulls himself into the front seat of his car, reaches out and collapses his wheel chair, tosses it into the back seat—and takes off for his classes in advertising and business administration.

Most of the original freshman class

of exceptional students have now gone on to graduate study. One is an assistant in a physics lab; another is studying law; a third is doing advanced work in electronics. A former sheet-metal worker who contracted TB ("I'd never have gone to college otherwise") is now studying sociology with a view to a career in management-labor relations. All of these young men have been prodded into thinking for themselves and accepting the responsibilities of their own futures. As a result, instead of being a financial drain on the community, they are now headed for lives of leadership and social contribution.

SOME time ago Dean Butler became so impressed with the progress of his exceptional students that he prevailed upon the university authorities to extend further help to these young people. As a result certain classrooms are now equipped with a special two-way telephonic instrument—known as a "teacherphone"—by which shut-in students within twenty miles of Boston can not only plug in on a college lecture but can also participate in the classroom discussion. And they can also "see" the blackboard—when the instructor says, "The diagram I've drawn appears on page 56 of your textbook."

Many of these exceptional students, in addition to going to college, are also helping to pay their own way. Gordon MacMillan, a journalism major who will never walk into a classroom, recently sold his first feature article to the *Boston Globe*. "It's about the 'wheelerscapers,'" Gordon says proudly. "They're the people who square dance in wheel chairs every week at the Y.M.C.A." Gordon has now invested his earnings in his next semester's tuition.

Another breadwinner is Lee Lewis who, although hopelessly crippled from birth, recently earned her first year's tuition of \$500 by participating in a radio quiz program. When the radio people learned that she had passed the entrance exams at B.U., they were so impressed by her courageous desire for a college education that they flew her into New York so she could enter their quiz program.

"I had to name the capital of Arizona and spell Warren Harding's middle name," she recalls. "Imagine if I had missed going to college because I couldn't spell 'Gamaliel!'"

Lee has gone right on earning money by means of a successful sales business which she conducts entirely over the telephone. "I sell everything from the cradle to the grave," laughs this spunky girl with the lilting hard-to-resist voice. "Mornings I peddle diapers—afternoons I sell tombstones!"

Lee, however, has done her most successful job in selling herself. The university has become so taken with her that last fall another classroom was specially equipped with a teacherphone so that Lee could take an advanced course in advertising. She has also become so popular with her classmates that they now spend much of their time visiting at her home. Frequently Dean Butler lends his station wagon so that Lee and Gordon MacMillan can be driven to college in their wheel chairs. And while they sit in class these youngsters silently teach their able-bodied classmates an inspiring lesson—that freedom is not of the body but of the spirit, and a human's courage can be as thoroughly tested in a wheel chair as on a battlefield.

It is B.U.'s proud boast that, so far, not one exceptional student has been refused admission because of his inability to pay the full tuition—although at times the university has found it hard going financially. To educate an able-bodied student costs the university about twice what the student is charged for tuition. When this cost is increased by the expense of disc recordings, faculty visits, and the installation of teacherphones, the university goes even further into the red. Even when students win scholarships, or get government aid as war veterans, the university still has to take up some financial slack. However, as Dean Butler points out, "There are some social values which cannot be measured on a balance sheet." And he feels sure that the day is not far distant when someone will create an endowment for these invalidated youngsters who refuse to stay invalids.

If there are still people who think America's pioneer spirit is dead and that our young people lack the grit of our forefathers, they should meet Jean and Warren Gribbons, a B.U. bride and groom.

DURING World War II Warren spent seventeen months in seven different German prison camps after his bomber was shot down. "He came home so thin," says Jean, "that I had to look twice to be sure he was there." After only a few months in the hospital, Warren decided he was strong enough to start carrying heavy mail bags in the post office. He was anxious to get a job so he could marry Jean.

A few weeks after the Gribbons came back from their wedding trip, Warren went back to the hospital with TB. Jean had to pack their shiny, unused wedding presents, store their furniture, and move in with Warren's mother. A few months later Jean landed in the same hospital. She had contracted TB from Warren.

"At least we're together again," she

cheerfully told her husband, "which is the way it should be."

But they weren't together. Jean was put in a separate room directly above Warren's room, and they were allowed to meet only once a week. This, however, didn't stop these youngsters. Somehow they smuggled in a two-way toy telephone and installed the wires so they ran down from Jean's room to Warren's. From then on at about eight o'clock every night a strange lassitude would settle over the young Gribbons, who would retire early, shut their bedroom doors—and rush for the telephone.

From this point Jean proceeded to where she even "kept house" for her husband. As soon as she was strong enough, she got permission to cook her own breakfast in the hospital's special-diet kitchen. "They must have been amazed by my sudden appetite," says Jean. "I would get mother to bring in enough steak and chops for two people. Then I'd cook Warren's breakfast, put it piping hot into a plastic box, put the box in my knitting bag, and lower the whole thing down to his window at the end of a string."

Warren, however, got so worried about what would happen to him and Jean after they got out of the hospital that he began to run a fever. He could never sling mail bags again. And since he wasn't trained to do anything else, the future looked hopeless. But then one day on his way to the X-ray lab he met one of the B.U. instructors in the hall. Then and there he signed up to go to college.

Studying wasn't easy for Warren. He'd been out of high school a long time, and two more lung operations put him flat on his back again. But he just wouldn't stay down. He was soon back at his homework, and as fast as the doctors would let him he increased his study periods from two to four to six hours a day.

Warren will get his master's degree in sociology from B.U. this coming June, and he's already lined up a promising job in the field of juvenile delinquency. Yet the degree of "Mr. and Mrs." means more to this brave young couple than any university sheepskin. They have achieved an impregnable family oneness, and a rock-like faith in each other and their future. To Dean Butler's question, "How can we best educate for freedom?" Warren Gribbons gives this answer out of his full heart: "Next to marrying Jean, the best thing that ever happened to me was going to college. It means more than just being able to support my wife. It means that the day will soon come when Jean and I can both say to Uncle Sam, to the university, and to everyone who has so generously helped us, 'Thanks—but now we can go it on our own!'"

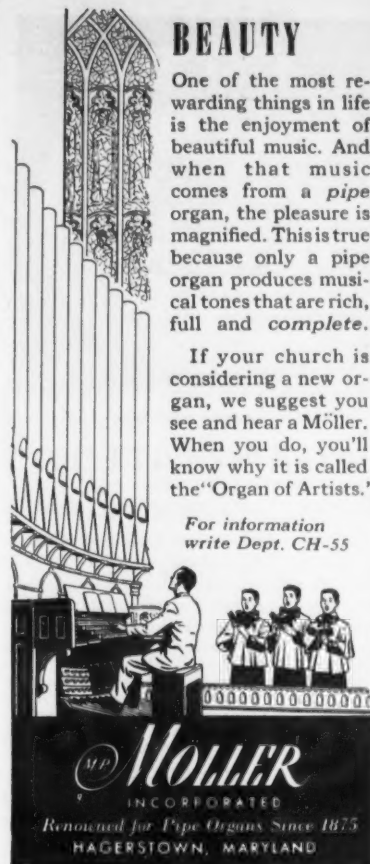
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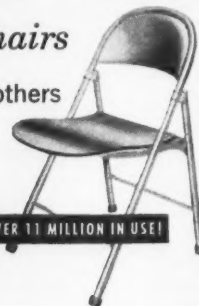
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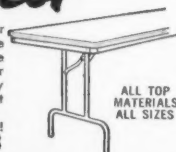


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YOUR FAITH AND YOUR HEALTH

(Continued from page 17)

waited on the street; the driver carried my bag and we made a convoy up the narrow stairway. Someone up above was watching through the stairwell. My heart was pounding as I climbed. Then I heard a voice say, "It is all right now; he is here," and somebody else answered, "Thank God." My heart froze within me. I felt stripped of all knowledge and my throat was dry and I felt very much alone. Finally, I stood at the bedside in my white interne's suit. The son of the family was holding my gray coat and my surgeon's cap. All eyes were upon me: the policeman, the father, the mother, the driver and the slim, pale child upon the bed. There was in their eyes the feeling of confidence, of trust, of assurance, so much utter dependence and relief at my mere presence at that bedside that I could feel it. It was a moment branded to my memory; a moment that has not died for me because it was repeated many times during the remaining hours of that night and during the years to follow.

From the look in the eyes that were upon me, I knew then that the person of the physician is anointed even as the Prophet of Israel anointed the ancient king; that the doctor bears upon his brow and in his breast the holy oil, that the hopes of his patients are laid into his hands and that day and night and day again he may not lay that trust aside.

The peace that fell upon that household when I stood in that poor tenement at that fear-ridden bedside was born not of my knowledge or power or skill but of the pathetic need of those stricken people to believe in me. It was their need that made it real, their faith in me that banished their fear. It was little that I could do. It was their faith in what I did that brought them peace. Without that confidence and peace, there can be no cure. The body is not sound if the spirit is fretful. This is far from an idle admonition and I tell you this as a doctor and a scientist.

We have a system of knowledge based upon experiment and we measure all things by what we call objective truth. Our age is obsessed with the thought that herein lies maturity. We are obsessed by the objective and by the material. When we speak of the standard of living, we mean the material standard. We are talking of things, not ideas, not ideals. We have, we think, come of age; we feel that we know now what counts in life. It is ships, and steel, and buildings, and roads. It is commerce and industry.

We are regimented in salary brackets as though we wore livery. We call a man a ten-thousand dollar man or a twenty-

thousand dollar man. We look up to the millionaire who looks up to the multi-millionaire. The thing that counts is the material thing; the thing you can touch and see or the thing you can wear. These things are real—until one is in pain! The crises that are faced upon the sickbed are the loneliest experiences in the world. Every man faces them for himself. Every man must do his own suffering and every man must do his own dying.

If you feel superior to the poor tenement family, remember that you are feeling well, well-fed, well-clothed. You are not facing the urgency of pain or the fear of an unknown something that grips your heart and makes you wonder whether tomorrow is for you. I have never known a man who was not leveled by that dark fear, no matter how bravely he had whistled in the sunshine. And curiously enough, this is true even for doctors and for laboratory scientists for they, too, are men. And since we are living at a time when truth is conceived as something that lives in a laboratory and since I must admit that I am impressed with laboratory truth, something one can demonstrate in a test tube or under a microscope, possibly you may be interested in some new things that are being done in research laboratories that bear upon this question of the spirit and its relation to the body.

FROM a Canadian laboratory comes the study of the endocrines. You are all familiar with the excitement that you feel when you see something fearful, such as an accident. You stand transfixed. Your pulse goes bounding, your throat is dry, your breathing labored. Nothing has actually happened to you, and yet there are all those actual bodily changes. This is called the alarm reaction and it is caused by an outpouring of adrenalin into the blood. Adrenalin is one of the hormones. It is a chemical, something that we can measure and handle; it is something real. It is made in a gland in the body and it has many physiological uses.

But the important point is this: Seeing the accident from a distance, not being touched at all, can cause a change in our body chemistry. We have all had that experience and from that it does not seem difficult to understand that continued stresses and strains, even minor ones, can cause milder body changes. Real chemical changes, mind you, that can be continued over hours and days and years can ultimately affect the body in a profound way. Actually this is what does happen and it is called the adaptation syndrome which slowly changes the chem-

ical constituents of the body and causes many of the chronic diseases which we have called the degenerative diseases, such as arteriosclerosis, certain types of arthritis, high blood pressure, heart disease. These stresses also interfere with our digestion. They interfere with our nutrition. They allow other sinister influences to act and to multiply. They allow infections to take hold by lowering our resisting mechanism which also is part of this general adaptation syndrome.

HERE is another new thing: There is a disease in which the internal pressure of the eyeball increases. It is painful and it results in blindness. It is called glaucoma. A West Coast laboratory recently studied eighteen patients with primary glaucoma, in an endeavor to demonstrate a relationship between emotional maladjustments and this very definitely physical disease. Every one of these patients gave a history of anxiety, anger or depression, associated with a frustration in life which was present at the same time as the symptoms of the glaucoma appeared. This, of course, could be coincidence even in eighteen patients, because lots of people have frustrating life situations. But these scientists, however, were working in a physiological laboratory and they took measurements of the ocular pressure before each interview, during the interview, and after the interview. It was no coincidence that during the recital of the symptoms in the interview, as each patient recited these frustrating personal problems, the scientists could actually demonstrate that the ocular pressure increased.

It was possible to demonstrate in these same people other nervous phenomena: a lack of balance in automatic nervous reactions which can be explained simply as an exaggerated response to the normal pattern of mobilization to a biological crisis.

Our third interesting report comes from the Eastern seaboard and occupies an entire printed book. It has to do with the study of a man who, because of an accident in his youth, had an opening directly into his stomach through which the mucous membrane lining of the stomach was visible. This type of observation is nothing new, since a similar situation has existed a number of times in the last hundred years. But the new thing about this report is the fact that the observers were interested in the reaction of the stomach to emotional situations. The observers were lucky in this regard for two reasons. First, they were able to employ the subject as an assistant in their laboratory, and so he was available under constant observation throughout the day. Second, he was

an extraordinarily diligent and conscientious person, was easily upset by changes in routine, was much distressed by failure and was easily angered by such a thing as an unjust accusation. They could watch an entire range of emotion and what it did to the lining of his stomach. They were able to photograph pinpoint ulcerations in the lining of the stomach that occurred in this individual within minutes after he had experienced anger, sudden anxiety, fear, disappointment or a frustrating experience.

I am not moralizing. I am merely quoting scientific reports, modern objective facts. But read Isaiah 30:15 and you will see this sentence: "For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel; In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

We are living in an age which we may well call the "Age of the Arrogance of Man." In a single lifetime man has conquered the air, girdled the globe with words, sent music through stone and steel. He has conquered the elements, caused rain to fall at his command, and probed into the atom. He has traveled faster than sound. The age-old dream for a panacea that would be the universal cure has been nearly realized in the antibiotics. All this in a very few years! There is little of nature that man does not feel that he will soon control. If there were ever a time when man might well be arrogant about his mastery of the world, the natural world, this would be that time.

But also it is the time when in that very arrogance of the mastery of things we have turned from the mastery of self. A whole section of the world is pledged to materialism as a political creed. Some of us even here are attracted by the idea of power, instead of by the power of love. Some of us think of the security of material things, not realizing that this can be only material security.

But we now know as laboratory truth that peace of mind is more than a state of the mind alone. It is reflected in the very chemistry of the body. The blood and the sinews respond, and that response can be measured and counted.

It is vain to seek peace of mind, as so many misguided people do, in a medicine bottle, a potion, a powder or a pill. These things numb the mind. The anaesthesia is brutal and it is fleeting. It passes and leaves the body trembling with reaction. Serenity of spirit is not achieved that easily and it is not enough to dismiss it by saying that there are some people who can never achieve it.

Every person who makes the effort can find his particular road and achieve

(Continued on page 49)

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Daily Meditations

by John W. McKelvey

Sunday, May 1

READ JOB 14:1-4

I find life an exciting business, and most so when lived for others.—HELEN KELLER

FROM the Christian standpoint it is a fitting coincidence that May Day falls on Sunday. It gives the Christian believer a chance to demonstrate his loyalty to Christ by joining in worship and service and by proving himself faithful to the noblest end of man's existence, namely, to glorify God unstintedly and forever. Since May means "to grow," today is the beginning of a month dedicated to growth in spiritual insights and moral strength. Each of us has within his reach the opportunity of a lifetime.

Lord Jesus, draw us to Thy banner of love, forgiveness, and peace. Make us valiant to uphold Thy truth and righteousness and to be found worthy of the crown of life. Amen.

Monday, May 2

READ PSALM 68:4-8

I will live with all my might while I live.—DWIGHT L. MOODY

CHRISTIAN Family Week begins today. I suppose the real idea is not to live as a Christian family for this week only, but rather to highlight the fact that the Christian family is the main factor in achieving a Christian world and a world at peace. Unless we can learn in love and forbearance to give Christ honor and allegiance at our dinner tables, there is little chance of gaining ascendancy for Him at our peace tables. It behooves parents and children to seek together His presence and blessing.

Dear Master, by ourselves we are helpless to maintain the unseen ties that bind our hearts to one another and to Thee. Be Thou our Teacher, Guide and Redeemer. Amen.

Tuesday, May 3

READ ISAIAH 22:20-25

The great use of life is to spend it for something that outlasts it.

—WILLIAM JAMES

BUILDING a new church today is a liberal education in the arts and crafts, with emphasis on the carpenter's trade. I never knew there were so many kinds of nails available. There were the ordinary "garden" variety, wire and iron nails; then steel nails for use in cement blocks; copper nails for slate on the peak roof; and

aluminum nails for the mahogany paneling. All were used to bind the building into one, somewhat as the nail-prints long ago bind our erring hearts to God's Son.

Father, give us the knowledge of Thy divine purpose that we may yield ourselves completely to Thy will. We ask this in Thy name. Amen.

Wednesday, May 4

READ ROMANS 13:1-5

On a soul filmed and slippery with complacency God cannot take hold.

—HELEN WODEHOUSE

BISHOP Kennedy in "Who Speaks For God?" writes: "Conscience makes it impossible for men to enjoy evil." He recalls the story of Sholem Asch's "A Passage in the Night," in which a man in retirement finds he can't escape the haunting memory of beginning his career by stealing a purse from a poor man. All efforts to ignore this one evil act fail to bring him peace. At last a rabbi convinces his family that the man will find no peace until he confesses and makes amends: a true lesson in redemption.

Grant to us, O God, mercy and salvation through the remission of our sins. Blot out our transgressions and renew in us a right spirit through Jesus Christ. Amen.

Thursday, May 5

READ ISAIAH 42:1-4

The strength of a democracy is judged by the quality of its citizens.—PLATO

IN THE book, "Men of Colditz," P. R. Reid, tells of his and other prisoners' attempts to escape Germany's escape-proof prison during World War II. Killed in the attempt were some who, had they waited, would have been freed by General Hodge's army. But, says Mr. Reid, "that freedom would not have been of their own making, nor to their own liking. They had reached that stage . . . when, to desist from trying . . . would seal their own future, and sear their soul." Better to try and fail than never to try!

Holy Spirit, give us power to go forward when it seems impossible. Fill us with courage when failure looms up to assail us. Amen.

Friday, May 6

READ PSALM 55:1-5

You may have success if you do not demand victory.—JOHN BUCHAN

LAST year a young man made the head-

lines by his various attempts to soar into the heavens with his homemade flying contraption, a cluster of small helium-filled balloons attached to a bosun's chair. In one test flight he managed to soar a full nine feet. One can readily sympathize with his desire to "fly away and be at rest," but usually the problems do not diminish no matter where we go. If the escape urge is to evade responsibility, it is doomed, for there is no escape.

Father, deal kindly with us in our moments of hurt pride, wounded self-confidence, and undeserved failure. Lift us up by Thy Spirit and sustain us through Christ. Amen.

Saturday, May 7

READ HEBREWS 12:1-3

Where love is there riches be. Keep us all from poverty.—MEDIEVAL PRAYER

TO A great many people the big event today will be the Kentucky Derby. It is strange how easily sidetracked people can get, especially when the lure is "something for nothing." No doubt there is much glamor and a great deal of sportsmanship in a horse race, but even so, that is only one side of what goes on. The other side involves the evils of gambling and extravagance, the broken hopes and empty pocketbooks, the impoverished lives and families, victims of King Chance. Invariably the race is not to the swift, but then it is too late.

O Jesus, reveal the abiding values by which each day gains blessing and significance. Guide us in right paths. Amen.

Sunday, May 8

READ PSALM 113:5-9

Hatred ceases not by hatred at any time. Hatred ceases by love.—BUDDHA

HOW many memories and happy thoughts crowd in upon you on Mother's Day! The recollections of childhood and youth, the tender counsels of adolescence, the continuing blessing of family ties, they are among the riches which endure and which today gain new luster and value. If they are to serve their purpose, then you and I will need to see to it that our homes in turn will reflect the presence and peace of God. What we say and what we are will assure strength and blessing if done in Jesus' name.

Father, who didst endow both mothers and fathers with grace and truth through Christ, enable us in our place of responsibility to measure up to our high calling.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

Monday, May 9

READ LUKE 5:18-23

Accord to others a right to their own viewpoints and ideas.—SELECTED

SOME months ago a man in New Hampshire shot and killed his 12-year-old son, thinking the youngster's movements in tall grass were those of a wild pig. The man said he saw the grass moving in a field near their house and heard grunts and snorts. Police believe the boy was imitating a wild pig in innocent play. In any case, the man's reasoning was not only in error but resulted in tragedy. Jesus pointed out the necessity for getting facts straight and letting love shine through.

Gracious Lord, teach us patience in the haste and rush of each day. Give us calm amid life's turmoil and confusion. Amen.

Tuesday, May 10

READ PSALM 26:8-12

By three things will a nation endure: truth, justice, and peace.—RABBINICAL SAYING

IN THE midst of the political activity last year there was a very significant decision made by a would-be candidate. When the finger of accusation was pointed at him because of a certain business procedure many years previous, he withdrew his name rather than give his political enemies the chance of making "political capital" out of his past. He said it was "the most difficult decision I have ever made in my life." It is always difficult to place honor above privilege, but it always pays.

Lord, help us to keep ourselves humble, remembering that the important things belong to the spirit. Thou alone art able to exalt us and crown us with glory. Amen.

Wednesday, May 11

READ EPHESIANS 2:8-13

When the evening of this life comes we shall be judged on love.

—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS

WHEN the roofers were putting the slate on our new church I had a ringside seat from the vantage point of my study window. I was fascinated by the skill with which they maneuvered from the scaffolding as they rose level by level to the top. The skill displayed in replacing broken slate was first-rate. It reminded me of the perfection by which the great Master Builder deals with us, probing into our broken lives, and giving us renewed strength for the conquest of evil and darkness.

Grant, O God, that we shall seek Thy face and yield to Thy healing touch. Deliver us from despair and pour upon us Thy mercy and loving-kindness, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Thursday, May 12

READ PSALM 103:6-12

Nothing is so strong as gentleness; nothing so gentle as real strength.

—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES

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some of the lessons Arnold J. Toynbee points out in "A Study of History." He humbles us in this modern era by reminding us that our civilization is No. 21 and by no means the greatest in history. He indicates that religion is of primary importance and he suggests that if we will yield to God's plan and purpose we may find ourselves able to handle the mighty material forces placed in our hands; otherwise we also shall fail.

Lord Jesus, Thou King of kings, reveal to us the eternal secrets of Thy kingdom and make us fit vessels to receive the fullness of Thy power. Amen.

Friday, May 13

READ PSALM 11:1-7

Life is not a means to selfish power, but an opportunity to serve.—SELECTED

RECENTLY, as a Long Island man locked up his store and headed for home, he was held up by two bandits. They took his car keys and a parcel he carried under his arm, and drove off in their own car, leaving the man stranded. He phoned the police and called his wife, who brought him an extra set of keys. On his way home he stopped and bought two quarts of ice cream to replace the two taken by the bandits! The bandits' mistake, of course, was not what the contents of the parcel turned out to be, but the whole act itself.

Help us, O God, to discern between good and evil and to seek that which is good, abhorring that which is evil no matter whether it seems big or little. We ask in Thy name's sake. Amen.

Saturday, May 14

READ PSALM 103:1-5

A sound body implies a mind free from fear, anger, and negation.—ANONYMOUS

TODAY marks the 159th anniversary of the discovery by the scientist Jenner of smallpox vaccination. It is hard to realize that our Revolutionary fathers were mowed down as relentlessly by smallpox as by the Redcoats. It defies imagination to think of how many lives Jenner's discovery has freed from the scourge that decimated civilization for centuries. We need to say a prayer of thanks for such benefactors who have redeemed our lives from destruction. Co-workers with God are they, and worthy of great reward.

Holy Spirit, descend upon our time and give us the desire to serve the present age with healing and salvation through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Sunday, May 15

READ PSALM 150

The song that nerves a nation's heart is in itself a deed.—ALFRED TENNYSON

IN BONN, Germany, today will be held another Beethoven Festival of Music. Beethoven may have been born in a modest house in Bonn but he belongs to the wide, wide world. He may have struggled against the handicaps of poverty and deafness but he made the human race his debtor through contributing to it his great

sonatas and symphonies. Somehow he managed to rise above the limitations of earth and bequeath to all of us the riches of the spirit, and in this he set a great example.

Lord, we are Thine, and all that we have and are is Thine also. Enable us to give back to Thee in full measure the glories and blessings which have been showered upon us. Amen.

Monday, May 16

READ PROVERBS 28:10-14

They never fail who die in a great cause.
—LORD BYRON

THE strange ironies of life remind us that mischance plays a telling role in our individual destinies. There is the story of the young man in England who escaped with a cut lip when he figured in a crash involving two motorcycles. After going in search of first aid he returned to the scene to make out an accident report to a policeman. Suddenly a car came speeding by and ran him down, killing him. This sort of thing might happen to any of us. Our only recourse is to be ready, since we know not the day nor the hour.

Father, reach down in pity and deliver us from evil. Guard our going out and coming in lest we fail to trust in Thy mercy and fall short in faith, hope and love. Amen.

Tuesday, May 17

READ II CORINTHIANS 4:15-18

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WITH the rapid development of the mechanical brain man seems to have had to hold on tight lest he should eventually become useless! Not yet has this dire event taken place, nor indeed will it. No matter how marvelous is the performance of a "mechanical brain," it is still no better than the men who use it, and just as fallible. It is well to remember that such inventions are still the work of men's hands and they by no means surpass the wonder of man himself. What is true of man is even more true of God the Creator.

Dwell in our hearts, O Father, and teach us to behold the marvelous works of Thy hands, not the least of which are the deep secrets of Thy love and mercy. Amen.

Wednesday, May 18

READ JOB 8:1-7

To know that which before us lies in daily life is prime wisdom.—JOHN MILTON

NOT too long ago scientists at the National Academy of Sciences at Columbia University announced that a powerful microscope has now taken the first photograph of the "brain" of a frog's egg. These scientists are seeking to explain the secret of life. Of course they want a scientific explanation but, scientific or otherwise, there is no better explanation than that provided in Genesis 1:1, "In the beginning God." We may learn in time just

how life happens, but it is still God who creates it.

Grant us faith, O God, to believe not only in Thy creation, but also in Thy preservation and salvation. Lead us from darkness to the light of Thy glory in Christ. Amen.

Thursday, May 19

READ EPHESIANS 2:4-7

Wisdom thoroughly learned will never be forgotten.—PYTHAGORAS

GREAT things are reported on every hand in the realm of scientific advance. Now the world's largest laboratory devoted to tracking down the invisible footprints of atomic power is at work at Palisades, N. Y. The first assignment is the perfection of various "atomic clocks," so that we can accurately date certain events in history. It's a dramatic thought—an atomic clock to tick off past ages. No matter what events are thus fixed, none ranks greater than the birth and life of Christ. Ascension Day reminds us again of this pre-eminent fact.

Lord Jesus, whose name outlasts past ages and adds glory to the ages yet to be, be Thou our light and hope. Amen.

Friday, May 20

READ JOB 26:7-14

YOU wouldn't think a raindrop could pack such a wallop as to endanger a blade of grass, let alone a building of stone and steel. But it does, especially when multiplied into a torrent. Therefore the first necessity of a builder, as I discovered in the construction of our new church, is to channel the rain into waterspouts and remove it as quickly as possible from the premises. It's an instance of a good thing in the wrong place that turns water into a destroyer, or energy into evil.

Lord, direct us in such a way that our lives will find expression in fruitful deeds and abiding joys. Deliver us from destruction and death of the soul, through Christ. Amen.

Saturday, May 21

READ LUKE 11:14-17

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.—OLIVER W. HOLMES

SCIENTIST Michael Faraday once worked as a newsboy. One day while waiting for his papers in front of the iron gates of the newspaper office, he slipped his arms and head through the bars, and then began to wonder on which side of the fence the real Michael was! At this point someone suddenly opened the gate and nearly jerked his head off, whereupon he learned that it doesn't pay to be on both sides at the same time. A good lesson for each of us, especially in the strife of truth with falsehood.

Holy Spirit, descend on us in our efforts to rise in faith and loyalty to the choice of right and honor and loving-kindness. Sustain us and deliver us, we pray. Amen.

("Meditations" continue on next page)

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Sunday, May 22

READ PSALM 14

The grandest homage we pay to truth is to use it.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

ONE of the most exciting stories in the search for uranium is that of Fred and Martha Schwartzwalder, who, after endless effort and hardship, recently discovered one of the richest mines in America. Fred said, "For me the thrill is in finding that mineral after 25 years of looking." Martha added: "We've been poor people all our lives, and we're too old to change our ways now. After all, we got there second. God was there before us." With such an attitude these two will make out.

Give us day by day, O Father, the eyes to see Thee at work in life about us. Keep our feet in Thy paths of righteousness and lead us steadily forward. Amen.

Monday, May 23

READ I JOHN 4:17-21

The flower that follows the sun does so even on cloudy days.—ROBERT LEIGHTON

SEVERAL months ago at Long Beach, Calif., an 18-months-old baby fell off a thirty-foot-high wall into the harbor, but, not frightened by the fall, floated happily on her back until rescued by her father. After swimming fifty yards he found his daughter. "She was floating on her back, looking at the sky. She wasn't even crying," he said. A miracle, you say. Yes, the miracle of what the Bible calls "perfect love [and trust] casting out fear." It works.

In every moment of each day, Lord, inspire us so to trust in Thee that we shall possess strength and courage for whatever befalls us. Deliver us from evil. Amen.

Tuesday, May 24

READ LUKE 24:29-34

The human heart opens only to the heart that opens in return.—MARIA EDGEWORTH

IN METHODIST circles this is Aldersgate Day, the day in 1738 when John Wesley "felt his heart strangely warmed, felt he did trust in Christ and Christ alone for salvation." It was the beginning of the transforming experience by which he became a man of destiny and countless people in turn became "new creatures in Christ." The experience of the "warmed heart" is still the paramount need of men today. It spells the difference between death and life, between despair and hope, sadness and joy.

Father, reach down and touch our lives with the power of Thy Spirit. Quench our thirst with the living water of Thy Son. Amen.

Wednesday, May 25

READ LUKE 16:13-17

A FIREMAN out in Washington had been waiting patiently for his chance to drive the new fire truck. One day some months ago he was alone in the station when an alarm came in. Quickly he clambered onto the truck, turned on the siren, and shoved the truck into gear. In his excitement he

forgot to open the doors. Sometimes we make the same mistake in being too zealous for God or in attempting to avoid responsibility; we either run into trouble head-on, or back into it, to our unmitigated sorrow.

Dear Master, walk with us today so that we may do the things that please Thee and bring newness of life to those about us. Make us thoughtful and capable, in Thy name. Amen.

Thursday, May 26

READ LUKE 6:20-23

No man knows true greatness who has not felt his life belongs to the race.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS

ONE thing is always in order: to thank God for great and good men. Recently a new biography was published on William E. Gladstone, England's greatest prime minister. His character is revealed by what he said when he became Queen Victoria's first minister: "The Almighty seems to sustain and spare me for some purpose of His own." Conscious of a service both to God and humanity, Gladstone rose to supreme heights. His example has not lost its magnificence.

O Jesus, who didst give Thyself in lowly service to uplift the common ranks and to bring abundance to our human striving, teach us to serve one another for Thy sake. Amen.

Friday, May 27

READ COLOSSIANS 1:9-13

The heaviest part of sorrow often is to look forward to it.—E. B. BUSH

LAST year a woman out west made the headlines by refusing to accept a \$200,000 legacy from her grandmother. The news reporters besieged her door to learn the reason for her refusal. "She's very generous at heart," commented her husband. "Personal gain doesn't mean much to her." She interrupted and said, "That hasn't anything to do with it. We could use the money and I'd accept it in a moment if I felt I deserved it." It takes courage to pass self-judgment after this fashion, but it brings inner peace.

Holy Spirit, lead us into ways of quiet contentment so that we are not disturbed by paltry riches or envious of the fortune and success of others. Amen.

Saturday, May 28

READ JOB 37:9-14

Man alone is the supreme ruler in the realm of his own will.—HILYAS JASPER

LAST winter when our church builder was laying the cement floor and outside pavements, he demonstrated one of the many ways by which man outwits the weather. Notwithstanding the freezing temperatures, he went ahead without hesitation because he had used antifreeze in the mixture. Such action highlights the important truth that God has put "all things under man's feet," and that man has within himself infinite God-given capacities with which to overcome life's obstacles and achieve peace of mind.

O God, make us obed'ent to the laws of Thy world about us, and reveal to us the secrets by which untold b'ess'ings can be possessed and shared with Thy children. Amen.

Pentecost Sunday, May 29

READ ACTS 2:1-4

Jesus Christ, the condescension of divinity and the exaltation of humanity.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS

TODAY we should sing reverently and thankfully, "Happy birthday, dear church of the living Christ." For today is Pentecost, the birthday of the Christian Church. If this day is to abound in meaning perhaps the thing most to be desired is a prayer in every heart that God's Holy Spirit shall descend once more upon us to fill us with power from on high and to send us forth as witnesses of Christ's saving grace. It can happen if Christ is loved, adored and obeyed.

O Spirit of the living God, descend upon Thy church once more and make her wholly Thine. Cleanse us from sin and evil. Make us fit instruments of Thy will. Amen.

Monday, May 30

READ ECCLESIASTES 9:11, 12

To love one's country, it is not necessary to hate others.—SELECTED

ON THIS Memorial Day many things will take place throughout America. In some cities and towns people will pause to remember those who laid down their lives for honor and freedom. It is not enough to remember what heroic men and women did in our behalf that we might enjoy today the fruits of the more abundant life. In Indianapolis today the 500-mile auto speed classic will take place. It serves to remind us of one thing supremely: the race is not always to the swift, and our lives of humble dedication count in God's sight.

Fill us this day, Lord, with gratitude for all the blessings we have received and make us sensitive to our obligations and responsibilities. Amen.

Tuesday, May 31

READ MATTHEW 18:10-14

Some falls are means the happier to rise.
—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EVERY so often the newspapers carry the story of a lost child. During the past winter an 8-year-old boy was found wandering alone in a Philadelphia subway station. A newspaper picture brought about his reunion with his mother after three weeks' absence. She said she had reported his being missing to the police but had received no news until she saw the child's picture in the paper. It is indeed strange how God effects His salvation in our behalf, but when it happens, what joy abounds!

Dear Saviour, lead us in Thy paths lest we stumble into sin and fall into the pitfalls of darkness. Redeem us through Thy tender mercy and cleanse us from evil. We ask in Thy name's sake. Amen.

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Step-By-Step Convention Plans

WHEN your turn comes to be host to a convention, will you know what to do, or will you flounder in confusion? Preparing for a convention is an exciting and demanding task, and a little advance know-how helps smooth the way. But rest assured that even without experience you will come out on top if there is a real spirit of teamwork among your committee members.

We offer here pointers compiled from the experiences of two active churchwomen—Mrs. R. W. Blackmur of Minneapolis, Minn., chairman of the Women's Work Committee for last year's national American Baptist Convention, and Mrs. I. C. Mount of Queens Village, N. Y., who led the last convention for the New York Baptists.

First steps toward the convention are usually taken at the close of the previous one, when a committee is named to select a city and set the time for the next gathering. This committee must consider the geographical location of the convention city, rotating

the areas at succeeding conventions so that the entire constituency may be served. If you are called upon to serve on such a committee, you will find that letters to the Chambers of Commerce of cities under consideration will bring quick response and valuable help.

In choosing the date you must consider whom the convention is to serve. If ministers are to make up the greater number of delegates, then weekday dates are well chosen. If lay people are to be included, a time extending over a week end or a holiday period brings in the largest attendance. If young people are involved, select a week end, holiday period or a time following examinations.

If your church is not large enough,



care in choosing a building for your convention is important. Be sure it has enough facilities to provide for the delegates—an auditorium large enough to accommodate the number expected, space for registration, exhibits, first aid, nursery and lounge facilities. If an oversized building is all that is available, adjustable screens should be used to form an enclosure in keeping with the size of the group.

Work of the program committee is one vital first step. Members of this committee should include one or two persons from the city in which the convention is to be held. The chairman should be a person with an eye for detail. A secretary is indispensable to handle the copious correspondence. At least one committee member should be chosen with the musical aspect of the program in mind. The committee should be representative of the various groups the convention will serve—ministers, laymen, laywomen and young people. This committee will meet many months in advance and name an executive committee to carry out its plans.

CHOOSING the best possible speakers and securing their services far ahead of time is the job of the executive committee. Speakers of renown are a great attendance drawing card. Honoraria should be agreed upon by the committee and biographical sketches obtained for publicity purposes.

A timely, appropriate program theme must be worked out, and then the executive committee compiles and arranges for the printing of the program. In addition to serving as publicity material, biographical information about program participants is also needed by the presiding officer, so that he or she may have the necessary "three sentences" for platform introduction.

A private prayer session for those who will be occupying the platform should be provided for at the beginning of the convention and before each day's meetings.

Keep a time check on the program as it is being planned, and have an understanding with speakers before they take the platform as to the length of time they will use. The chairman of the program committee or someone designated by him can do this.

The little details that make for comfort, convenience, order and attractiveness are the work of the committee on local arrangements. Someone must be in charge of auditorium facilities. Someone must check heat, light, ventilation and loud-speaker equipment. Someone must enlist, organize and train ushers. Someone must order

(Continued on the next page)

LEAVE it to the men to work out the perfect solution to church supper table service! To keep mothers from serving when they were supposed to be honored guests the idea of male waiters had its beginning at Augustana Lutheran Church, Washington, D. C. The men voiced approval and went even further—they would furnish entertainment, too. Result: singing waiters. Now once a year the singing waiters take over the service at a special supper in the church basement, honoring mothers from both within and outside the congregation.

Willing workers at Augustana Lutheran Church agreed that the idea of a mother-daughter supper on the evening of Mother's Day was excellent. But there were complications. In Washington, D. C., churches many members work for the U. S. Government. Quite a few of the mothers of these members live in other parts of the country. That meant a shortage of mothers to attend such a supper as honored guests.

Somebody thought of inviting residents of the National Lutheran Home for the Aged to become guest mothers on this occasion. Some came, and both the adopted mothers and the adopted daughters for the evening shared in what was the beginning of new friendships. In addition, some mothers of churchmembers lived near enough to be able to attend.

At Augustana Lutheran, when all guests are seated, the singing waiters, headed by pastor Clarence T. Nelson, march around the tables as a prelude to their services. Each man wears a neat apron and tall cap. They march single file, each man placing his hand on the shoulder of the man ahead. Each tries to out-sing his companions. Parodies of familiar songs with words suited to the occasion bring laughter and vigorous applause from the ladies.

Then the waiters go merrily to work, bucket-brigade style. Spreading out at fingertip distance from one another, they form an efficient human chain, the one nearest the kitchen picking up the filled plate and starting the continuous passing of plates along the assembly line. Soon the large gathering is completely served.

If you like this idea enough to borrow it for your group, you might add

Singing Waiters for Mother's Day



a special little touch to it such as that used in some of the famous New York restaurants. Make a special ritual of the serving of dessert. When the time comes, turn out the lights and let the singing waiters enter from the kitchen, two by two, carrying candles as they sing. At the end of the procession come four waiters bearing the dessert beautifully arranged on an

outsized tray. It might be individual ice-cream molds, a selection of French pastry, or beautifully decorated cupcakes, making a spectacular effect when arranged together with real flower blossoms tucked in between. The waiters with the candles will stand at one side singing while the tray is passed around the table so that each lady can help herself.

STEP-BY-STEP CONVENTION PLANS

(Continued from previous page)

flowers for the auditorium and any rooms where board sessions are to be held. Someone must plan and carry out a scheme of decorations.

If you'd like to provide little souvenir gifts for delegates these should be arranged by the local-arrangements committee. The Minneapolis women hand-stenciled 200 handkerchiefs with the Minnesota flower in pink, and

folded them into pretty corsages. Tiny nosegays of real flowers are another pleasing idea. If you want boutonnieres for the ushers, prepare two or three blossoms bound together with florists' wire or aluminum foil and fastened to a ribbon streamer of convention colors. Sachet pillows of cotton scented with powder or herbs and covered with satin ribbon and an attached artificial

blossom are another good possibility.

For place-card favors you might decorate little hinged boxes in convention colors either by covering with paper or paint. Names of individuals may be put on with alphabet noodle letters pasted in place, or written on with sealing wax. Fill boxes with candy, and members can use these boxes to collect other souvenirs of their convention trip.

Souvenir bracelets are unusual. Inexpensive chain bracelets or even a strip of pretty ribbon or crocheted yarn will do for the base. Fasten to it a number of round cardboard tags that have been attractively bordered with colored sealing wax. On one tag print the name of the individual. On another the name of the city and date of the convention. Blank tags may be left for autographs collected by delegates or cuttings from convention snapshots, which can be pasted on.

The local arrangements committee should prepare a listing of hotels and private homes where delegates may take rooms, if the Chamber of Commerce doesn't furnish this. Lists of parking lots and their rates are also helpful.

A division of this committee should handle "hospitality" throughout the convention. Members should meet trains, planes and busses, and furnish a lounge at the auditorium with chairs and couches and writing tables. The Minneapolis committee went so far as to decorate their lounge as a garden. They also provided a nursery for the care of young children during meetings. It was staffed with women who had nursery and Sunday-school teaching experience. There was also a first-aid station attended by a nurse.

TOURS of community places of interest will be an added attraction for visiting delegates, and a thoughtful committee will arrange to show guests the sights by automobile or bus.

The music committee must arrange for a song leader and provide song books or song sheets. This group must also plan for choral groups, soloists, special musical selections and decide on the instrumental musicians that may be needed and whether payment is to be made for their services.

All publicity should be handled by a special committee which obtains data on speakers, writes and arranges for publication of material in newspapers, arranges for publicity pictures. It also maintains a press room during the convention where reporters may get material, interview program participants, and press releases may be filed.

Money for promotional activities may be acquired by soliciting pre-registrations at a reduced rate. The committee for this contacts local groups

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soliciting advance registrations, and this also assures local attendance at the convention.

A registration fee, paid by the delegates, provides for the necessary financing of the convention. A registration desk should be set up at a convenient place, well in advance of the hour set for the opening of the convention. It should be "manned" by local people with guidance from someone in authority.

Identification cards, city maps, lists of hotels, homes for overnight accommodation, lists of parking facilities, programs and whatever other information is for distribution is made into a packet and given to the delegates upon registration.

Also important is a committee through whom groups desiring luncheons, dinners and banquets can work. This committee makes any necessary arrangements with hotels and restaurants. The biggest job undertaken by the Women's Work Committee preparing for the Minneapolis American Baptist Convention was that of organizing a mass meeting of 2,000 women in the largest local Baptist church. Special duties for this occasion included arranging with the churchwomen for the luncheon, selling tickets, contacting women to participate in the morning program and afternoon pageant, collecting all costumes and properties, arranging for an organist and a soloist, making arrangements for conference rooms in the parish house, and presenting 80 roses to visiting missionaries before lunch was served.

Arrangement for exhibit space at your convention should be made with the local-arrangement committee. Groups desiring to set up exhibits work through this committee, which supplies thumb tacks, hammers, crepe paper.

A plan for banking of registration

fees, offerings, etc., is necessary, for it is not wise to keep a large amount of money on hand. Night depositories can be used.

And do remember that the work of a convention committee is not finished until notes of appreciation go to those who took part. No matter how popular a speaker may be, or what honorarium is paid, there is nothing that quite takes the place of the personal note of thanks.

SPRING BONNET SOCIAL

MILLINERY inspires a spring party for the feminine set—whether it is to be a luncheon honoring mothers and daughters, convention delegates, or retiring committee chairmen who have served faithfully during the year.

Clever place favors may be made by decorating nut cups turned upside down to look like hats. First you need hat stands to hold the hats. Poke a peppermint stick into the center of a chocolate peppermint patty. Cover the patty by gathering a seven-inch square of cellophane around it, fastening tightly around peppermint stick with spool wire. Balance a nut cup "hat" atop each peppermint stick.

Here are some ideas for decorating the nut-cup hats: Cut a circle from yellow gummed crepe paper big enough to cover bottom and sides of nut cup, and stretch around, pasting again at the other end. Draw flowers and a feather on azure blue gummed crepe paper and cut out. Make two feathers so you can paste them back to back. Paste feather and flowers in place on hat. Cut the bottom from a nut cup for an open crown hat. Cover with light pink crepe paper; cut a quarter inch strip of dark pink crepe paper across the grain. Paste one strip around

Large Quantity Recipe File

PLAIN CUPCAKES

(makes 12 dozen)

Flour.....	10 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups, or 2 lb. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ ozs.
Baking powder.....	5 tablespoons plus 1 teaspoon, or 2 ounces
Salt.....	2 teaspoons
Shortening.....	2 cups, or 1 pound
Vanilla.....	1 tablespoon
Sugar.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ quarts, or 3 pounds
Eggs.....	8
Evaporated milk.....	1 pint, mixed with
Water.....	1 pint

Sift flour, then measure. Resift with baking powder and salt. Cream shortening and vanilla thoroughly. Add sugar and continue creaming until light and fluffy. Beat in the eggs. Add dry ingredients alternately with diluted milk, beginning and ending with dry ingredients. Pour into greased layer cake or muffin pans. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) about 25 minutes.

Orange or Pineapple Cupcakes: Use orange or pineapple juice in place of the water. No soda is necessary. Omit vanilla and use grated orange rind.

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bottom of hat and one around top. Make a bow using the same strip of crepe. Double over a strip of light green veiling and tie around hat. Paste bow over veil in back.

Cover another cup with orchid paper. Cut along edge of nut cup, forming points. Paste one-inch artificial green leaves along edge; above those paste three-quarter inch leaves, and on the crown half-inch leaves. Paste a strip of veiling around hat, and an orchid ribbon bow on the crown. Cut out sides of another nut cup, so that just a skeleton remains, (the crown, back seam and bottom rim). Cover top and remains of hat with azure blue paper. Take an inch-wide strip of white lace and paste around hat. Cut artificial orange blossoms apart and paste them to rim.

Your centerpiece for the speaker's table may be a very pretty hat box turned on its side and spilling out either live branches of a flowering tree or an old wide-brimmed hat that you have covered in crepe paper and decorated with paper flowers. For added decoration you can make large picture hats of pastel colored poster board and hang them by crepe-paper streamers from chandeliers or along walls.

SERVE a luncheon of creamed chicken and mushrooms in patty shells, individual fruit gelatin molds, and potato chips. For dessert each plate will hold a bonnet cupcake. To make these spread boiled or powdered sugar frosting on sides and bottom of each cupcake; place it on a five-inch lace-paper doily. Trim with ribbon band and bow made by pressing frosting tinted with food coloring through a decorating tube or paper cone. Tuck a short piece of macaroni into the bow while icing cake. When you are ready to serve you can quickly insert a small fresh or artificial flower in the macaroni tube holder. Use tiny gumdrops on wooden picks for hat pins.

An exhibition game may be played by four or six persons from the group. Perhaps mothers might make hats for their daughters, and vice versa. Provide all sorts of materials for making hats, either regular millinery materials, available at the ten-cent store, or crepe paper, paper flowers, ribbons, veiling, all sorts of odds and ends. Then give everybody ten minutes to design their hats. You can buy real hat forms to use, or let them build the hats on various shaped boxes. Have a fashion parade afterward.

Give everyone paper and pencil and ask them to list as many kinds of hats as they can in a given time. Or have someone call off a list of hats. As they are named, the next person in the row must rise and say instantly whatever the hat reminds her of. The hasty as-

sociations may excite some laughter and will prove how nimble-witted everyone is. For instance, "stove-pipe hat," may suggest Abraham Lincoln; "tricorn"—French Revolution; "sun-bonnet"—a covered wagon; "top hat"—Fred Astaire, and so on. Other hat names you can use are: homburg, derby, picture hat, skull cap, beaver hat, ten-gallon hat, turban, tam-o-shanter, bathing cap, fez, beret, straw hat, fedora, Eugenie hat, sombrero, dunce cap, hood, lace bonnet, opera hat, stocking cap, beanie, ostrich-plumed hat, helmet, sailor hat, pill-box, boater, felt hat, crown.

MAKE THESE FOR YOUR BAZAAR

HERE are some attractive, easy-to-make items for your next bazaar:

Chenille novelties are fun to make and something unusual to arouse comment. The materials, with instructions, are available in kits costing \$1 each. There are kits for making chenille rose corsages, chenille teddy bears, dolls, Santa Claus figures, etc. Write to Flower Materials Co., 229 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Ill. This company offers materials for making almost any type of artificial flower, foliage, fruits or vegetables. They also have kits for many other handicrafts—jewelry, leather work, Ming trees, millinery, shellcraft. Write for their complete, helpful catalog.

Puppets have so much appeal for youngsters in these television days that they should prove as good sellers at your bazaar as they do in toy departments. Make up a selection of clever little characters with heads of papier maché or crushed tissue paper. Add simple garments with hands that may be manipulated by the puppeteer. For ideas and directions send for the leaflet, "Puppet Pals," 1c in coin, from "Here's an Idea" Service, Mrs. M. Wilson, 300 Howard St., Framingham, Mass.

Paint-decorated articles are best-sellers at every fair. Buy up shabby pieces from a second-hand dealer, or decorate pieces made by your family carpenter. Design a commemorative plate for birthdays or anniversaries, or pretty up a foot-stool or a tray. Make a gay combination bulletin board and key holder for your kitchen. For patterns send 1c in coin to "Here's an Idea" Service, Mrs. M. Wilson, 300 Howard St., Framingham, Mass., and ask for the leaflet, "Custom Cut." Waste baskets make good bazaar items, too. Decorate one like a toy house. Dress up a coal scuttle for the fireplace. Send 1c in coin for the leaflet, "Waste Away," also available from "Here's an Idea" Service.

YOUR FAITH AND YOUR HEALTH

(Continued from page 37)

the spiritual security that would make the potions, the pills, the artificial sedatives and soporifics unnecessary. To those of us who are failing and those of us who are obstinately pursuing the wrong road, insisting on doing the things that in our sane moments we know are wrong, the price of that failure is high and the ever-mounting cost at the very end is summed up in agony.

Each man must seek and find and hold something that will give him spiritual security. For each person this will mean a different thing. One will find it in his work; another one will find it in love; a third may find it in a charitable enterprise, or in politics, or in a hobby. By far the greatest percentage of people find spiritual security in the church, in religion and in prayer.

One thing is certain. Spiritual security is not found in material things. It is never found in the things that one *acquires*. It will always be found in that which one *does*, and most important, in that which one *gives*.

Security of spirit does not mean the death of intellectual activity. Faith and knowledge must serve each other, and to a doctor they cannot easily be divorced nor need they be. For we have seen how clearly the spirit and its workings can affect the chemistry of the body, the very processes of which life itself is made.

A physician is called upon to help with the crises in life. Sometimes these are crises of disease and sometimes the disease itself is the aftermath of tragedies outside the body such as the loss of a loved one or business reverses. To a physician who has sat at many bedside and who has held the pulse of many people who have died, this much is clear: when the time comes for the

great crisis, it is much too late to prepare for it. When the moment of great tension arrives, only serenity of mind can cope calmly and in many instances successfully with the grim facts that must be faced. This serenity is the result of many years of nourishing that inner spiritual security, that abiding faith, that tranquility of soul to which the very sinews of the body respond with peace.

None of these facts is really new. The poet who always sees more clearly than the rest of us and the artist who also has second sight, these men have told us for years that we can be sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust and that we can confidently and serenely approach the final crisis of living, which is dying.

You may ask, "Why this preoccupation with dying? Do you really expect me to live my whole life to prepare for that one final moment?"

Yes. Not for the final moment of life itself, but for the pattern of serenity with which you will meet it. Even as faith and confidence and peace may give you the power to defer it, this ultimate pattern can be the pattern of each day's minor crisis, even as sleep is the death of each day's life.

The one thing that is new about all this is the fact that we need no longer take it as a poet's dream. We in this age who have made a shibboleth of science and believe only what is found in a laboratory and what is captured in a test tube, can now believe that the spiritual values of life are real. They are as real as anything that you can see or touch or hold.

This I know and this I honestly believe. This is my faith as a doctor.

THE END

PORTRAIT OF A MOTHER

(Continued from page 30)

times when I get so tired that I think I shall have to go away and forget them and rest. Then I see them in their beds sleeping and I say, 'No, I must stay. I cannot leave them. I must take care of them.'

Our world is so hungry, so poor and ragged, it is easy to harden our hearts and say, "I cannot care for them all, and so I will not care for a few."

The hand of this mother always so busy in her house was also outstretched to give and to grip and lift up.

The writer of Proverbs tells us something about the clothing of this good woman. Women are always interested in clothes. Many men are also interested in what women wear.

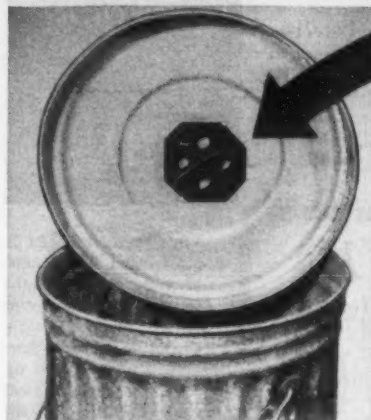
When the snow and cold come, our

mother is not afraid for her family. They will be clothed with scarlet wool, which is warm. She herself will be clothed with silk and purple because she has made her money go far. People are amazed she can dress so well.

Yet the real clothing of this mother is not her beautiful gown but the beauty of her spirit. "Strength and honor are her clothing." Because her spirit is right, her hands are busy and her face reveals the radiance of being right with God and man.

The mother's tongue is given special consideration. "She openeth her mouth with wisdom: and in her tongue is the law of kindness" (Prov. 31:26). Both husband and children learn to listen to the words of wisdom which fall

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SUNDAY-school classes, and church groups are finding it easy to earn needed extra funds by selling "San-A-Lizer," a chemical repellent for garbage cans. A deodorizer that counteracts garbage smell, this harmless chemical cake may be attached to any garbage can lid quickly without tools and keeps away flies, insects, dogs, cats and vermin.

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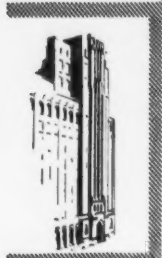
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directeth
his steps."
Proverbs 16:9

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from her lips. In the times when the burdens of the home and life become intolerably heavy, she does not give way and scold. When things go wrong, she is guided and governed by kindness. "In her tongue is the law of kindness." Before speaking, she would pause and think, "Is it necessary? Is it true? Is it kind? Is it redemptive?"

I was talking with my bedroom steward on the *Queen Elizabeth* as I was returning recently from abroad. He said that he liked his job at sea. I objected, "But you are away from home so much."

"Yes," he said, "that is what I like about it. My wife is a nagger. I am much happier away from her most of the time." What a commentary on that home!

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." We learn much about the husband and children in this verse. The ordinary woman of the Orient has always been a slave, laboriously planting, weeding, harvesting. I have seen her gathering the grass and thorns of the field which the Lord spoke about, and piling them in a great bundle on her head. She keeps the home, cooks the meals, works the fields. She and the ever-present donkey are the burden-bearers in the Moslem countries. I fear that even in the United States some women are slaves to their husbands and children.

A man elbowed his way onto a bus and saw a tired-looking woman, loaded down with bundles, standing and holding to the back of a seat occupied by a strapping 12-year-old boy.

The man offered the boy a quarter for his seat. The boy accepted, and the

man motioned for the woman to take the seat. At first she protested, but sat down when he insisted firmly.

Then, smiling sweetly, she looked up at the boy. "You should thank the nice man for the quarter," she chided. "Oh," said the staunch lad, "I already did, Mamma!"

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed." That mother in Proverbs had commanded—and won—respect and appreciation from her children. I wonder if the clue to the children's gratitude is in the husband's attitude: "Her husband also . . . praiseth her." If the husband takes the wife and mother for granted, the children will do likewise. It was my father's high regard for women in general and my mother in particular, which determined my attitude.

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Here is the beautiful picture of the ideal mother. Loveliness fades, outward beauty which we all enjoy, passes away, "but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

We come to the secret of this beautiful mother's life. She fears the Lord. He is enshrined in her heart, and her loveliness in expression, in word, in act is a reflection of His presence with her. "The king's daughter is all glorious within."

The last lines of this portrait remind us that we do not need to praise the true mother God made. The "fruit of her hands"—her house, her clothes, her children, her own works—they praise her in the market place. Her life has stamped itself deeply upon the lives of those about her and on the community.

Thank God for mothers like this!

THE END

THE WILL TO WANT TO

(Continued from page 26)

Grandma was taken in a police squad car by officers who might well have been her grandsons. "Don't worry, lady," one of them told her, "they got a swell warden over there. You'll get plenty time just to sit around."

At the jail she was led to the desk and registered. Then a Herculean guard with a ruddy, freckled complexion and surprising dimples in each cheek took her by the arm.

"Look, Granny," he confided, "don't know what yer in for and don't wanna but I got a grandmother and you make me feel bad. You oughtn't to be kickin' up. What kin we expect of kids when the granmothers—"

"But," Grandma began, "it was all a mist—"

"I know. Every slicker in here oney made one mistake—he got caught. This life ain't gonna last forever."

Grandma regarded him in veiled wonder.

"Yes, I do."

"Lookit," he opened the door to the fingerprinting room, "ain't you never thought about how life could be good? Ain't you never thought about doin' something for somebody else?"

Grandma was stupefied.

"Well," she countered lamely, "I have, but it just seems there's no place for me any—"

"That's what they all say," said the big guard, sighing. "Thinkin's twisted like a pretzel. Well, here y'are." He handed her card to the desk man and turned to go. "See ya. But," he added in a low voice, "life ain't all over because you landed in the jug, get it?"

"Thank you, son," said Grandma. "I'll try to remember."

She was fingerprinted and had her picture taken, then was given a drab

gray shirtwaist dress but was allowed to keep her underclothing, stockings and shoes—plus her purse after its contents had been checked.

"Sure don't look the type," she heard the guard say when he came for her.

"Looks don't mean a thing," said another. "They can look like saints and have horns long as antlers."

The outsize, freckled guard led her cheerfully down a long gray corridor to a barred cell. He unlocked the door and looked at her.

"Sure hate to see anybody your age in the jug," he said. "Take it easy, Grandma."

"I'll do the best I can," said Grandma.

She looked around her. The cell was small and cement except for the front bars. There was a washbowl in one corner, a wastebasket and two cots, one on either side of the cell. On one sat a woman, tall and angular, with brassy, stiff-curl hair and dull hazel eyes. Her long arms were folded and she stared at Grandma with mingled contempt and impatience.

"**M**EET Sunshine," said the guard. "Called that because she's always burned up!"

Sunshine said nothing but sat regarding Grandma, rocking a little.

"Hello," said Grandma.

No answer.

Grandma sat down on her cot.

"Nice and clean in—"

"Shut up!"

I really can't blame you, thought Grandma. It's terrible to be up against a problem that's not solvable. Take old age. Of course Alice and Richard... Grandma shuddered. What would they think when they discovered she was in jail? But most people were released from jail eventually. Old age was a prison with only *one* door.

That door wasn't what she feared though. What she dreaded was out-living life.

For several days Grandma tried to win the friendship of Sunshine but the rangy woman either remained insolently silent or swore a multi-hued end to any conversation. Then one day, astonishingly, Sunshine began to talk rapidly.

"Look here, old woman," she said, "I don't owe you nuthin'. Age is just numbers to me. Battin' the breeze ain't up my alley either. But I'll tell you this much. Life beat me and I beat back. That's all."

"I'm so sorry," said Grandma. "What was it really went wrong?"

Sunshine's lips tightened against each other as if pulled taut by a marionette string. "Never was high society. Got married when I was fifteen but we had a swell time, Ben and me and then little Jean. We did right by everybody,

even got hitched up to a church. Then," she swore and knocked her heels on the cement, "without warning both of 'em died in six months." Her eyes narrowed.

"I wish there was something I could do," said Grandma.

Sunshine's laugh bulged the cell with its metallic, hollow ring, like a child beating dishpan music with a spoon; then it escaped and fled wailing down the corridor.

She's built her own dreadful prison, thought Grandma. Like so many others. There must be something...

She seated herself on her cot and slowly took out her Bible. Sunshine lounged, staring at her.

"I'm going—going to just read a little," said Grandma. "If you're tired I could—could read aloud."

"What for?"

"Well, you might enjoy it too."

Sunshine kicked the floor.

"I oughta tell you to go soak yer head."

Grandma's hands were shaking now. The little black Book wobbled. Sunshine shrugged impatiently.

"Oh, for Pete's sake, go ahead."

"Unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to..." Grandma read the parable of the talents.

When it was done Sunshine said, "Lemme have the book." Her long face was deep-seamed and twisted like driftwood. "I said lemme have it!"

Grandma held it out without a word.

Sunshine ripped the covers from the leaves, threw everything toward the wastebasket. "Lies!" She swore. "Fool lies!"

"Young woman—" Grandma stood up, confronting Sunshine. Something tingled electrically in her. "I don't care how hard a life you've had, how terrible you've found it—or made it—you can't blame God for your misfortunes." Her loud, positive voice surprised her. "I won't allow it."

"You what?"

"I said I won't allow it."

"Are you nuts?" Sunshine shoved Grandma back, stood up like a stick of dynamite sizzling before the explosion. "You got nerve enough to stand there and—"

"I have," said Grandma, "and I think it's time for you to go and, as you so well put it, soak your own head, and your heart too."

Sunshine flung herself full length on her cot, face down.

Shakily, Grandma disrobed and crawled under the stiff, itchy blanket. How had she dared—why, it was just like the old days! And Sunshine had listened. She *had* listened. If only—but old age tightened its arthritic grip on her senses again. This must be only a freak. Sunshine was desperately lonely,



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that was it, as lonely and unwanted as she was.

It was some time during the night, she couldn't tell when, that Grandma was awakened by someone standing over her. For a moment she thought it must be Alice.

"Dear, you needn't worry, I'm all right. Run along—"

"Pipe down!" cautioned a low, rasping voice—Sunshine's. Her dilated hazel eyes were feline in the semi-darkness. "I'm tellin' you so there won't be any dumb moves. I'm not after you but if you yell, I swear I'll choke you."

Grandma sat upright.

"I'm sick of life," went on Sunshine. "Sick of this whole rotten mess of human animals includin' myself. See this piece of glass?"

Grandma nodded as the moon made a jagged chip of blue glass sparkle.

"Found it in the yard by a flower bed. Stuck it in my mouth and hid it. Know what I'm gonna do with it?"

Grandma was too shocked to answer. "I'm cuttin' the arteries in both wrists. Studied how a long time. And you're not blattin' one word or I swear I'll smother you."

Out of her mind, thought Grandma wildly. No, only crazed by remorse and loneliness. If I were only twenty years younger...

"Sunshine, God says in—"

"There ain't no God!"

"Then why are you so angry with Him? You tore up my Bible."

"Why I—I—"

"You're really blaming Him for everything, aren't you? Your husband's death, your little girl's. Your loneliness. Even your nastiness."

"If there was a God, He wouldn't of allowed—"

"Allowed what?" Grandma took Sunshine by the arm, pushed her gently back to her own cot. "Death to your loved ones? Death comes to us all, you know that. And it wasn't the end for them, only the beginning of a more beautiful life. But it was terrible for you because your attitude was wrong, because you were left alone."

"Yeah, alone." Sunshine's voice broke into hoarse, uncontrollable sobbing. "After that I figured I'd rather have all the devils in hell keep me company than have that awful hollow nothin' inside."

"But you don't have to be alone." Grandma looked toward the wastebasket. "Go pick up my Bible."

Sunshine stiffened, the piece of glass still in one hand. She tightened her hold, her eyes changed to slits of steel.

"Pick it up!"

Sunshine walked stiffly to the basket. She knelt and picked up the Bible and its black covers, then threw them on the cot by Grandma.

"That's all." Her voice was like a hiss. "Not gonna listen any more. God doesn't care about me. Nobody does. You're just afraid—"

"What about the warden, the ministers who visit, the—"

"They get paid!"

"God doesn't. Look, before you do whatever evil is in your mind, you might give Him the common courtesy of listening to a word or two He says."

Sunshine sat down, both knobby hands on the piece of glass.

Grandma rifled through the pages, the moonlight spotting her Book like a flashlight. "God wants to help you personally." She kept turning pages.

"Listen: 'He that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

Sunshine regarded the glass.

"Even if I wanted to believe it'd be impossible. Nobody knows how rotten I got through the years."

"Somebody does. And here's what He says: 'Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow.'"

SUNSHINE snatched at the Book. "You're makin' that up. Show me the words!"

Grandma traced them with her finger.

"And look farther: 'The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord and he delighteth in his way.' " A queer, sudden shock of guilt made Grandma tremble. *I haven't done that. I haven't delighted. Something as terrible as this woman's plight is wrong with me.*

But there was no time for her own troubles.

"Show me the exact words!" insisted Sunshine.

Grandma traced the words across the page.

"But you've got to want to believe," said Grandma, "and want to desperately. You can't figure things out yourself."

"God knows I can't!" sobbed Sunshine and flung herself down beside Grandma's cot. The piece of glass dropped in Grandma's lap.

Grandma knelt beside her but her first prayer, unspoken, was for herself. *Since Dad went I haven't delighted in my way. I haven't even wanted to. Give me back the will to want to.*

There on the cement by the iron cot Grandma and Sunshine made their separate covenants with God—sealed with a jagged piece of glass.

After dinner on Sunday Grandma's favorite guard, nonplussed by the new Sunshine, listened to the whole story, then quizzed Grandma about her own plight.

"Can you beat it?" he said. "God's sure got mysterious ways."

He wangled permission to take Grandma "on tour." She chatted with
(Continued on page 69)



THE SPICE OF LIFE

Thoughtful Gift

Dan: "What did the bald-headed man say when he received a comb for his birthday?"

Bob: "I don't know. You tell me."

Dan: "He said, 'Thank you very much. I'll never part with it.'"

Poor Choices

Mrs. Miller: "Moths don't show much judgment."

Mr. Miller: "Why not?"

Mrs. Miller: "They spend the summer in fur coats and the winter in bathing suits."

—Builders

Quick Thinking

Jock: "I want only an empty bottle."

Clerk: "It will be ten cents, but if I put something in it, there will be no charge for the bottle."

Jock: "Good. Put a cork in it."

So Sorry!

New Bride: "Where is the paper plate I gave you under your pie?"

Groom: "Was that a plate? I thought it was the lower crust."

Wonderland

It was five-year-old Tommy's first ride on a railroad. The train rounded a slight bend and plunged into a tun-

nel. There were gasps of surprise from the corner where Tommy was sitting. Suddenly the train rushed into broad daylight again, and a small voice was lifted in wonder. "It's tomorrow!" exclaimed the small boy.

—Builders

Music Lover

Teenager (as the radio ground out the final notes of the latest bit of swing): "Did you ever hear anything so wonderful?"

Father: "Only once—when a truck loaded with empty milk cans hit a freight car filled with ducks."

Not Wanted

Johnnie was gazing at his baby brother, who lay squealing and wailing in his cot.

"Has he come from heaven?" inquired Johnnie.

"Yes, dear."

"No wonder they put him out."

Mixed Business

"Miss Jones," said the office manager to his secretary one morning, "I would suggest that you do not write letters to your young man during office hours. Haverty and Johnson report that you sent them a shipment of love and kisses instead of the tar and axle grease they ordered."

—Watchman-Examiner



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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

By Amos John Traver

• Sunday, May 1

A MAN OF FAITH AND ACTION
II CHRONICLES 17:1-7, 9; 19:4-7, 11

KINGS who acted on faith in God were tragically rare in the history of God's chosen people. There were plenty of men of action, men who acted as though they must build a strong nation by their own smart diplomacy or by the numbered strength of their armies. They engineered deals with heathen nations, even cementing alliances by intermarriage. They aped the empires about them, with little awareness of the special protection of God. The record of the kings of the northern nation, Israel, is much worse than that of the kings of Judah. Though the best of its kings made compromises, the southern kingdom did have some God-conscious leadership. It was this that was Judah's saving factor.

Jehoshaphat was one of the best of Judah's kings. It is true he was drawn into an unfortunate alliance with Ahab and arranged for his son, Jehoram, to marry the daughter of wicked Jezebel. Later he continued alliance with Israel under Ahaziah, another faithless king. But our Bible never hides the sins of its men of faith. In the record of Chronicles Jehoshaphat is pictured as destroying all heathen shrines in Judah, but in Kings it appears that he did not do a complete job and some heathen worship continued.

The good king Asa had begun many reforms in a real revival of faith. But if a revival is to become permanent it must reach both head and heart. Though sinful practices and habits may be corrected out of the emotion of the moment, they will soon return unless rooted in intelligent faith. Preaching missions need to be followed by education in the basic truths on which faith must be founded.

Jehoshaphat understood this. His people would have to know what they believed and why. The first wise move he made was to direct a campaign of education. As leaders he selected five laymen, nine Levites and two priests. The minority of priests may suggest that even the priests were ignorant of

the law of God and of the history of God's covenant with their race. If Judah was to please God in action it must know God and trust God alone.

Our churches today believe in Christian education. Never before has so much investment been made in church educational programs. Housing, equipment, materials for instruction, teaching skills, increase of time for education through weekday classes—all these mark the present effort to help every Christian to know what and in whom he believes. No permanent reforms can ever be built on other foundations.

Jehoshaphat also established a new judicial system. His name means literally, "God is Judge." "God Sat on the Bench with Me" was the title Judge Harold Medina used for a magazine article on his experience with the trial of Communist leaders. "Ye judge not for man but for God," should be the commission of every judge. Richard Hooker, distinguished English preacher of a former generation, insisted that the seat of all law "is in the bosom of God." We could use a Jehoshaphat in our nation today.

The secret of national strength is the faith of its people. I have no quarrel with all the methods used to build our strength. But our security must find a deeper foundation. In humble faith we must learn that "the battle is not yours but God's."

Questions:

Read I Kings 22 for another account of Jehoshaphat's reign. Don't miss the story of Micaiah in both accounts. Turn to Deuteronomy 6:4-9, 11:18-20 to see God's plan for the education of His people. What is its significance to Christian education today? What are the dangers of exclusively secular education? What is being done in our community to secure more time for Christian education beyond one hour of Sunday school?

• Sunday, May 8

FINANCING GOD'S WORK

II CHRONICLES 24:4, 8-14; 29:31

A CHURCH in a community where I once lived had an annual Joash Day. I am told it was a beautiful pageant

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in which all organizations of the church took part. A large chest was placed in the chancel and members of the church and organizations brought their offerings in an impressive parade and laid them in the chest. There are published Joash pageants describing such a service of sacrifice. Whatever may be said for or against this practice, it does symbolize the meaning of "giving to the Lord."

A missionary friend described an offering ceremony in India. A sheet was spread on the floor in the front of the church and, instead of having ushers to gather the offering, members brought their own gifts. It might be a heap of rice, or a live chicken, or fruit—all taken from the limited supply of food in their homes. For many of those Christians such offerings meant tightening their belts and going a little hungrier than usual. Yet they came with joy, happy that they could thus show their gratitude to God.

Joash understood the significance of offerings. Under the good influence of Jehoiada, the priest, he set out to restore the temple, despoiled and neglected during the reign of former kings. He might have ordered an enforced levy in order to secure funds. Instead he depended on the personal, free-will gifts of those who loved the house of God. Means other than this may support the church but usually represent "the gift without the giver." In II Corinthians 8:1-7, Paul boasted of the liberality of the Macedonian Christians. The secret was "first they gave themselves to the Lord."

Isn't it a shame that we feel we must "make money" for the church! All kinds of devices, some of them as out of place as bingo, are used to finance the Lord's work. One church I have known was cynically called "The Church of the Holy Kitchen." Though church social life is needed to cultivate fellowship in the family of our Lord, and though first-century Christians, as well as present-day Christians, often ate together, nowhere does the Bible record the apostles' selling tickets to their heathen neighbors in order to make money for the church. While fund raising through church suppers and other activities is certainly acceptable when done in the proper spirit, nothing is more genuinely Christian than direct, free-will offerings.

Stewardship departments of our churches are now using this slogan, "Christ Comes First." He is not first when we look after ourselves, buy ourselves all we need for comfortable living, and only then offer the small change left over for the Lord's work. We place a dollar bill on the offering plate on Sunday, but on Monday spend several dollars for a restaurant dinner.

(Continued on next page)



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Questions:

What are the laws governing bingo in your state? Are they enforced? Do exceptions made for charities lessen the evils of bingo? What do you think of tithing? How would you answer the objection that tithing was a law for the Jews only? How much per member was given through your church last year? (Consult your pastor or church treasurer.) Discuss.

• Sunday, May 15

REVERENCE FOR SACRED THINGS

II CHRONICLES 26:3-5, 16-21;
HABAKKUK 2:20

BURNING incense was an early Oriental custom. Great ingenuity was used to obtain the spices that combined to burn with pleasing odors. Incense was commonly used in Oriental homes and to honor important personages. It was also used even more commonly in worship. The ascending smoke seemed to symbolize reaching up to God, honoring God. This custom extensively used in idol worship was adopted by the Hebrews. An altar of incense was included in tabernacle and temple. Probably because of heathen use of incense we have no record of its use in the early Christian churches. Later Rome introduced it, and incense is also used to some extent in worship in some Anglican churches.

In temple worship burning incense certainly symbolized recognition of the presence of God. Participation in the rite was restricted to ordained priests. The Hebrews were being taught the holiness of God. They must never lose their sense of awe in His presence. Restrictions of many of the acts of worship were made by divine law and even kings dare not disregard them.

Uzziah was a young lad of high-school age when he became king. He inherited a kingdom defeated and dispirited. Under the influence of a prophet-priest, Zechariah (not the writer of the prophecy by that name), Uzziah did well. He built Judah into a prosperous, victorious kingdom. At the same time Jeroboam II of Israel also enjoyed a prosperous reign. Contemporary prophets are Amos, Hosea and Isaiah. The lot of the common people was not improved and injustice and

exploitation accompanied the prosperity of the ruling classes.

What happened to Uzziah that he dared to enter the temple and assume the right to burn incense? The answer is in the record: "When he was strong he grew proud." Irreverence is the fruit of human pride. It is easy to "ignore the extent to which prosperity is due not to achievements but to endowments." Once we forget that the accomplishments of our lives are due to God's blessing, we lose our sense of awe before Him.

Acts of irreverence in God's house are often due to ignorance or thoughtlessness. They are signs of pride. There is no sense of the presence of God. Our attitude when Scripture is read, a sermon preached, a prayer said reveals more about our Christian faith than most of us realize. To let our minds wander to personal affairs while the Word of God is being proclaimed is irreverence. To refuse to share in the singing of hymns of praise or the reading of a psalm is to suggest an arrogant attitude toward God.

When we think too highly of ourselves we are bound to think too lightly of God. Our hearts are not filled to overflowing with gratitude to God for our salvation. We do not realize His loving, holy presence. Acts of worship become acts and nothing more. The only worship acceptable to God is from "a humble and contrite heart."

Questions:

Read the following passages for other acts of irreverence: Genesis 11:1-9; Samuel 13:8-15; II Kings 2:23, 24; John 2:13-17. Do you think we can become "too familiar" with God so that we forget His holiness? If so, give examples. What significance do shutting the eyes, bowing the head or kneeling have in prayer? Romanists tip their hats when they pass a church. Discuss.

• Sunday, May 22

A MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION

II CHRONICLES 30:1, 6-13

JUDAH was a nation in grave trouble. About this time Israel fell before Assyria and many people were herded away into captivity. King Ahaz of Judah was one of the worst of all the evil rulers. He turned completely to idolatry. Among the idols he honored was Moloch, with its furnace in which children were burned as an offering. Ahaz offered two of his children in this cruel rite. The temple was despoiled and desecrated with altars to idols. All worship of God was banished. In the strong imagery of Billy Sunday, Ahaz was so low "he had to reach up to touch bottom!"

How did Ahaz have a son like Hezekiah? Perhaps Hezekiah's mother, a daughter of the godly Zechariah (II

Chronicles 29:1), had an important influence on him. No young man ever faced a more serious problem than that confronting Hezekiah. The signs pointed to the same fate for his nation as that which befell Israel. If Judah was to live, the whole national life of the people must be reformed. How could it be done? A general cleanup could be effected by force. Old laws could be revived. All signs of idolatry must be stamped out. Standards of morality must be raised. Was this enough?

Hezekiah knew the one positive principle of reform: worship of God. So the temple was cleaned up and the priests made fit for their duties. Then the people would have to be encouraged to assemble in God's house, confess their sins, bring their sacrifices and renew their loyalty. They must believe that the God who freed their fathers from bondage in Egypt was still their only personal and national help.

The feast of Passover was just the celebration needed. It recalled the Independence Day of their nation. Their freedom had not been won by diplomacy or victory in battle. It was completely God's gift. The angel of death had passed over their homes and struck the first-born of their oppressors. This judgment of God had finally persuaded Pharaoh to let them go. When Pharaoh changed his mind and set out with his army to bring them back into slavery, it was God who destroyed the pursuers.

SO Hezekiah proclaimed a Passover Feast. It had to be postponed from the usual date so that everything should be ready. Young men are usually impatient, but Hezekiah took his time. This feast had to be a success. It must inspire his people to trust God, and God alone, for their national security.

Invitations were sent by couriers throughout the land. Then Hezekiah had a wonderful thought. What about the people of Israel? Ever since Israel was founded it had kept the people from returning to Jerusalem and the temple worship. What religion it encouraged was at least half heathen. Why not include Israel in the invitation to the Passover? So the couriers of Hezekiah went through Israel too. Many Israelites received them with contempt, but some accepted the invitation, and for the first time since the kingdom had been divided, there was a united people before God.

Does all this have any significance today? Certainly. It shows the basis for positive, permanent, national reform. We need to be reminded that our freedoms are basically God's gift. We need to confess our sins, bring our sacrifices of prayer, praise and thanksgiving to the God of our salvation. It also reminds us that reconciliation with our enemies requires us to seek their

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If you knew the heartaches of these scattered sheep of the house of Israel and the cruelties they are suffering even today, some of it at the hands of so-called Christians, your heart would bleed, and you too would weep.

In this rapidly closing hour of grace, when the sinister shadow of Anti-christ hovers nearer and nearer, there is a special urgency in God's desire that Israel shall receive kindness and mercy from His true followers. The Abrahamic covenant is still valid, and God will bless him who brings blessing to the Jews. What greater blessing could we bring to them than the Gospel of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ, their savior and Messiah.

Will you become a partaker with Him of His sorrow and love for Israel? Will you hold us up in prayer as we seek by His power to publish widely and fearlessly the message of "Behold your God"? God's interests are in Israel. Are yours?

Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee. Psalm 122:6

Come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel. Num. 10:29.

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Questions:

No doubt Hezekiah knew his couriers would be mocked in Israel. Does it relieve us of responsibility for witnessing for Christ when we may expect only mockery? Is the increase in church membership and attendance a good sign for the reform of our national life? What significance has this lesson on our attitude toward Communist peoples?

● Sunday, May 29

RESOURCES FOR LIFE'S CRISES

II CHRONICLES 32:1-8, 32, 33;
PSALMS 124:8

FOR a very good king, Hezekiah had plenty of trouble. Last week we saw an inspiring picture of national rededication to God. If ever a king seemed to deserve freedom from attack by heathen enemies, Hezekiah is that king. Why did not God grant Judah an untroubled peace? Though the king, seriously ill, pled humbly with his God and was given fifteen extra years to live, those years were full of crises. We need to understand that we do not purchase freedom from crises by faithfulness to the Lord. That good people may suffer is one of the constant mysteries of God's dealings with us.

The rededication of Hezekiah and his people to God was real, not based merely on national security. They were given some years to worship God in peace, then Sennacherib turned his attention to this one spot of freedom. Hezekiah bought off his first attack. Such appeasement of dictators always ends the same way. Whatever agreement Sennacherib made meant nothing to him. Hezekiah also made a mistaken attempt at alliance with Egypt. It delayed the attack but finally Assyria was at the gates of Jerusalem.

Hezekiah did what he could to strengthen defenses. "Trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry," is somewhat cynical. Another proverb, as open to misapplication, is, "The Lord helps those who help themselves." There is a basic truth hidden in these well-worn sayings. God does give us material resources and intends us to use them as far as they will go. But there is danger that we forget, in using them, that they are God's gifts. We must not think superior force and victory are due either to our superior merits or our own human achievements.

Finally, when the crisis came, the God Hezekiah trusted saved Judah. Multitudes of Assyrian troops died, perhaps by plague. Sennacherib was assassinated. The captivity of Judah was postponed till less godly kings ruled.

Crises do come to good people and



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to good nations. If met in the spirit of quiet faith they strengthen faith. We may not always see the deliverance so clearly as is seen in Judah's victory. But we must remain sure that "Our help is in the name of the Lord."

Questions:

For side lights on the reign of Hezekiah read II Kings 18-20 and Isaiah 36-39. Does God save men and nations from crises or in crises? What are the arguments for and against passive resistance? When are men's thoughts more often turned to God—in prosperity or in adversity?

AN ARMY OF COMPASSION

(Continued from page 21)

my way to the ruined adobe hut, being careful both going and coming to stop instantly at the ominous challenge, "Halt!" There were eight of us in the small room. The soldiers carefully deposited their tommy guns on the floor and sat on their helmets. That night another sergeant was the central figure. He read the lesson—the first nine verses of the fifth chapter of Matthew's Gospel. He hesitated after reading the ninth verse: "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God," and said quietly: "I think that is a good place to stop—'Blessed are the peacemakers.'" And then I knew that this fine American lad did not think of himself as a killer. And evermore I shall remember him and millions of others as he accepted the blessing that night, the blessing of Jesus upon the peacemakers. He died in the morning under a bomb, died with the vision splendid still upon him, I am sure. And he and the sergeant in Korea and all these others who have gone out from our homes and whose hearts have been opened to the hunger and suffering of little children, have received, I think, their highest encomium from the great chaplain who names them "The Army of Compassion."

IT is conservatively estimated that officers and men of all the services have distributed from their pay more than \$4,000,000 to feed, clothe and house the orphans of Korea, Japan, Europe and the islands of the Pacific. It has been my privilege to visit these institutions around the world. And this account is written immediately following my return from my latest journey to the Far East, returning then across Thailand, India, Pakistan, the Middle East and London to New York, a journey that covered nearly 35,000 miles and took me to nine countries and three island groups.

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homes and orphanages. Five are in Korea, two on Formosa and six are in Hong Kong. On Formosa our foundling home, the first on the island, which was opened two years ago when I was present, is now crowded to capacity. From my report of two years ago you may remember the picture of a baby I held in my arms, a little thing so emaciated that it seemed incredible that she should have survived. Well, now she is a bouncing little girl of 3½, when I saw her just a few weeks ago, swinging high and shouting at the top of her voice. With her I found three sets of twins, little girls who were not wanted. Early in the afternoon on the day of my recent visit we dedicated the cornerstone of the Administration Building of a new cottage-plan small farm project on the outskirts of Tai-chung in Central Formosa. There we shall have fifteen brick cottages, along with an Administration Building and a small chapel. When the cottages are ready, we shall bring the brother of the nearly starved baby I held in my arms two years ago, and give him a home with his sister. That brother is something of a hero. His parents died of tuberculosis when he was just 13 and earning a pittance watching a small herd of water buffalo. But he tied his sister on his back and kept her with him from morning until night. Of course he could not provide proper food, but he did his best, and when our foundling home was opened, she was still alive. The story of this little man is characteristic of the heart-breaking courage of the children of Asia, courage that matches the courage of our own sons and brothers who have fought and died to carry freedom out to the ends of the world.

During the year, CHRISTIAN HERALD has erected two buildings in the grounds of the Leprosarium out from Taipei, Formosa's capital city. One of these is a home for leper mothers who are soon to be returned to society and may live with their children during the probationary period. The other is a large and beautifully situated hobby shop which is also available for recreation and social occasions. Now we know that leprosy, or better called Hansen's Disease, is not as infectious as tuberculosis.

OUR Faith-Love home in Hong Kong is a delight to the eye and an inspiration to the soul. It puts a deathless song in the heart. Last year we added a modern fireproof dormitory. This year, if the gifts make it possible for us to do so, we shall add another, with a simple but adequate and beautiful chapel.

The children made my visit forever memorable with a program of distinction. There was everything from pantomime to trained singing, welcome

speeches and a final acrobatic exhibition that would have done justice to any Y.M.C.A. in North America. One of Hong Kong's best families—best by every worthy test—Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Loo, are the special patrons of Faith-Love. With many friends, I was given a delightful evening in their beautiful home on the "peak" which looks down upon a fairy world at night when the lights that encircle the harbor are all turned on. That scene was a reminder of Greater San Francisco at its fairy-land brightest. Mrs. Loo, who is a Christian with many graces and talents, spends hours with the girls and children of Faith-Love. One thing she does that will put a lump of gratitude in your throat. One night every week she leaves her own family of six and spends it with the girls of Faith-Love to give them the intimate attention of a mother.

How I wish that all of you could have shared with me the experiences of this journey which was perhaps the most adventurous as well as the most crowded of all my overseas missions. And how I wish that I could adequately tell the story. But words at their best

COLLECTION PLATE

*The bills may hide it
From our sight,
But God still sees
The widow's mite.*

—Elinor K. Rose

are poor vehicles when there is so much for them to carry.

I have taken you from Korea down the coast of China to Formosa and on to Hong Kong since I introduced you to the sergeant on the outskirts of Seoul. Now let us return to our starting point and finish that early Sunday morning zero-weather mission. We were bound for the Nam Buk orphanage, which is one of the most remarkable of the 72 orphanages supported, in whole or part, by Christian Children's Fund, with which CHRISTIAN HERALD is so closely identified. Miss Kim, the superintendent of this home, is a graduate in music from Ewha University in Seoul, where that perhaps most famous of all the Kims, Helen, is president.

When we reached our journey's end that morning, we found the little people waiting for us. They are housed now in adequate buildings constructed by the Army. Colonel George M. Kibler, with an engineer's training and a great understanding heart, supervised the construction. And he was with us

to enjoy that Sunday morning program, along with the senior Chaplain (Colonel) John O. Woods, and Miss Arlene Sitler, the amazingly efficient Director of Christian Children's Fund activities in Korea.

I have difficulty in avoiding superlatives here, but as a grandfather who has pride in many grandchildren, I confess that I have never seen such talent demonstrated by youngsters of six and seven and ten. A classical duet that was to me all but unbelievable, was played by a little girl and boy who could not reach the pedals of the piano and who had to blow on their fingers to keep them warm. Neither of these children had reached a seventh birthday and I have yet to discover how their little hands could cover the octave. But how they did play! I heard the full choir and a quartet that left our little party deeply moved.

"How do you explain this?" I queried. "Tell me, please, how you achieve what is certainly a near miracle?" Miss Kim replied: "These children—nearly all of them—are the sons and daughters of the intellectuals of Seoul: teachers, professors, lawyers, editors, clergymen, who were liquidated when the Communists first came in. Always," she said, "they took our best, those who would be able to build a new Korea when the evil had been swept away." And I remembered that, among these leaders of public life who had been taken, never to return, was Korean Bishop Kim of the Methodist Church.

Perhaps that is the answer, but it is not the complete answer. The talent and devotion of Miss Kim and of so many others who have poured their lives sacrificially into the little lives entrusted to them—these and the men of the Armed Services and all of you are the answer. Together we all can be an "Army of Compassion." And faith is the answer, a faith that transcends the horror, the barbarism, the torture of an atheistic and totalitarian materialism that has enslaved one-third of the world and that threatens the whole of mankind.

I found this faith everywhere I journeyed in the East.

A THEME song ran through my mind that afternoon and it became the theme song of my journey—"Faith is the victory that overcomes the world."

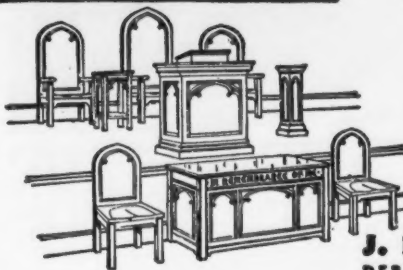
Faith it is that puts the lovely songs upon the lips of little children.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Reviewed by

DANIEL A. POLING

GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE, by Frances Gray Patton (Dodd, Mead, 218 pp., \$2.75).

Without qualification, this is one of the most original and delightful novels written in years. Not since Hilton's famous "Mr. Chips" has there been presented a character of the depth and appeal of Miss Dove. If she does not take a place in your heart as one of the most skillfully and artistically drawn characters you have ever met, then we miss our guess.

Surely, there has been a teacher like Miss Dove somewhere in your life. She is a woman of old-fashioned standards both of morality and pedagogy. And she imposes those standards rigidly on the two generations that flow through her classes. She dispenses classroom justice with impartiality, and knowledge with dignity and firmness. She commands respect; she does not expect affection. Not until she collapses in her classroom, threatened with paralysis, and is borne off to the hospital perched like a conqueror on the crossed arms of two of the town's leading citizens (both formerly her pupils) does she learn of the love and esteem in which she is held.

This book has charm in style and in subject matter; and it has gentle humor and pathos too. It is one of those rare ones that deserves a permanent place in your library.

THE WILDERNESS WORLD OF JOHN MUIR, edited by Edwin Way Teale (Houghton Mifflin, 332 pp., \$4.50).

This is a book that will guide you away from the littleness of daily routine and take you willingly into the beautiful and inspiring world of God's great outdoors so much needed by all of us this time of year. It is a book that beckons us to leisurely journeying up and down and across this America the Beautiful of ours—up to Canada, from the Great Lakes region southward to the Gulf of Mexico, then out to the Rockies, to the High Sierras, to Yosemite and Sequoia.

You travel not by fast-moving plane or train or car, but on foot. You take time to stop and stretch your vision to the vastness and orderliness of the world that God has created. Your companion and guide is John Muir—friend of Emerson, Theodore Roosevelt, John Burroughs and countless others—a man whose name is enshrined in scores of towns, public parks, trails and maps. It was John Muir who saved the Grand Canyon, the Petrified Forest, Yosemite Park and other un-

touched wildernesses for posterity. Through the eyes of this gifted and sensitive man, and through the skillful editing of Mr. Teale (author of the best-selling "North With the Spring"), you journey across this great land of ours, meeting people along the way, coming to learn more about the flora and fauna, the rocks and hills, the trees and streams, more about all of God's creation and creatures, and, incidentally, about God Himself. The reverential writing and wholesome philosophy has the enduring quality of God's handiwork itself.

In "The Wilderness World of John Muir" you will come in possession of a treasury of all that is good in life: humor, wisdom, inspiration, reverence.

JERUSALEM BIBLE (*Jerusalem Bible Publishing Co., Inc., 1,978 pp., \$7.95*).

Certainly this Bible is an historic achievement in Bible publishing. It is the first Hebrew-English Bible ever to be produced and published within the walls of Jerusalem. It is an authorized version, sanctioned by the Rabbinate after the Hebrew Canon. Of particular interest to all Jews, it may be used for reading in synagogues and temples. The Hebrew verses are keyed to the English translation which the distinguished scholar, Dr. Michael Friedlander, prepared after the King James version. Special Bible paper has been used and the binding design is adapted from script of 2,000-year-old Dead Sea scrolls. While this review refers to the one-volume edition, there is a three-volume edition, a one-volume special Bride's Bible (Pentateuch only), a three-volume complete Bride's Bible and a one-volume Bar Mitzvah Bible. Here is a work of rare and great distinction.

HOW PRAYER HELPS ME, edited by Samuel Duff McCoy (*Dial, 143 pp., \$2.75*).

This is a volume of brief and intimate essays on the meaning of prayer, written by Catholics, Protestants and Jews active in every field of life—politics, education, art, science and the military—a comprehensive source volume of both information and inspiration. Perhaps here is a key to the book's purpose: "The principal value of prayer lies not in what it brings to the nation or person . . . but in the effect it has on . . . him who prays." Characteristically the first contribution is from John R. Mott, the greatest Christian statesman of his time. Dean Acheson, former Secretary of State, follows Mott, and then come the prayers of many men and women, most of them brief, which are both intellectual and spiritual. An always interesting and profitable volume.

THE LIVING FAITH, by Lloyd C. Douglas (*Houghton Mifflin, 344 pp., \$3.75*).

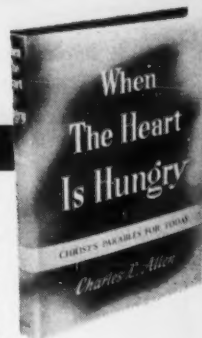
As I knew Lloyd Douglas, and knew him intimately, I find this to be the most revealing of all the books he has written. It is indeed his living faith. The same touch that made him a famous novelist is everywhere in these sermons and talks. He brings religion, vital and dynamic Christianity, to you and makes the faith that was his live in you. He is at once

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modern and evangelical, simple and profound—crystal clear always. As I read, I can hear him say again, as once I heard him say, "Through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen." The pages are both lucid and luminous.

ALL THE BEST IN EUROPE, by Sydney Clark (Dodd, Mead, 504 pp., \$4.95).

This author is, in my book and by all tests, the finest travel writer of them all. The present volume is his comprehensive best, covering twenty-one countries, and thoroughly covering them. It is a complete guide to Europe, including everything outside the Iron Curtain. There are special sections on music and drama, fairs and carnivals, opportunities for study, sports, health and rest resorts, cathedrals and shrines, etc., etc. The index is particularly helpful. Yes, gentle reader, this is it!

HOW CHRISTIAN PARENTS FACE FAMILY PROBLEMS, by John Charles Wynn (Westminster, 144 pp., \$2.50).

Just about everything vital in the field of family questions and discussions is confronted and fearlessly faced in this book. The effort is made and successfully made, too, to set a few things straight that are too frequently dodged or dismissed. Such chapters as "Christian Family Relations Day by Day," "Discipline in the Christian Home," "The Family Worship Together—Hurriedly," and "If Young People Date Roman Catholics," suggest the scope and immediate value of this volume.

THE SPEAR, by Louis De Wohl (Lippincott, 383 pp., \$3.95).

Here is a tense, exciting and powerful narrative of the time of Christ. It has been made a selection, and a worthy selection indeed, of the Roman Catholic Foundation—the Bible quotations are from the Knox translation, published by Sheed & Ward. However, though this fine novel is distinctively Roman Catholic, it will reward readers of all other faiths. It is so realistic that one wonders how it got by the League!

JAPAN AT THE MIDCENTURY—LEAVES FROM LIFE, by William Axling (Protestant Publishing Co., Japan, 291 pp.).

Here is a delightful little book, about Japan, exquisitely printed in Japan, written by an author who has known Japan and its people for more than half a century. He was there when the great happenings occurred, and now his "leaves from life" paint vivid word pictures of an ancient land that in our time is being made into a new world.

THE DAY LINCOLN WAS SHOT, by Jim Bishop (Harper, 301 pp., \$3.75).

The chapters of this splendid volume start at 7:00 A.M., April 14, 1865, and end at 7:00 A.M., April 15th, with John Cass, merchant in Elmira, New York, getting the news that Lincoln was now dead—and immortal. Here is a volume that adds something different, perhaps unique, to the library of Lincolniana. It is at once

factual, specific, eloquent, and crowded with the emotional quality that distinguishes a great novel.

THE COMPACT BIBLE, edited by Margaret Nicholson (Hawthorn, 504 pp., \$4.50).

In this very attractive volume, all sixty-six books of the Old and New Testaments have been skillfully condensed for faster reading. Not a word has been changed. There is a helpful preface to each book and an encyclopedic index at the back. I was attracted at once, and closer inspection confirms my first impression.

HALLEY'S BIBLE HANDBOOK, by Henry H. Halley (H. H. Halley, Box 774, Chicago 90, Ill., 956 pp., \$3).

This abbreviated Bible dictionary is also a history of the Bible, an arrangement of "Best Bible Verses" and the thrilling story of some amazing archaeological discoveries. It is the proverbial "much in little." And for Bible students, Bible teachers, preachers and just average Bible readers, it will become indispensable if given a chance.

HOW TO LIVE 365 DAYS A YEAR, by John A. Schindler, M.D. (Prentice-Hall, 222 pp., \$4.95).

Here is a salesman's book that you will surely buy if you give it a look—I didn't intend the foregoing rhyme but the book reads like that. It is broken down into paragraphs under chapter heads that give you a lead to the rich mine you are entering. The volume definitely lives up to its title.

BEST SERMONS, 1955 EDITION, edited by G. Paul Butler (McGraw-Hill, 341 pp., \$4.50).

Here is the most distinguished volume of its kind, worthy of a center spot in the contemporary library of every clergyman and religious educator of every faith in America. It is a treasury of devotional thoughts unsurpassed. On these pages are found fifty-two outstanding sermons, representing today's best preaching.

HIS PATH IS IN THE WATERS, by Creston Donald Ketchum (Prentice Hall, 183 pp., \$2.95).

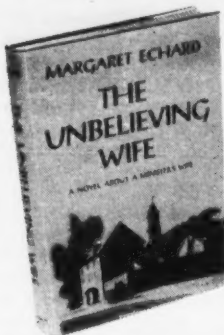
A vivid, dramatic, heroic and poignantly evangelistic autobiography. Here is the story of an adventurous boy of seventeen, in love with the sea, who rises from ordinary seaman to be captain of his own ship, then leaves the bridge for the missionary pulpit. He became acquainted with heroic sacrifice when he saw a tiny sloop go down under the guns of the Nazi sea-raider, "Admiral Von Scheer." What he saw then gave him the vision of what he was to become. And what he has become is something!

TWO SONS, by William M. Elliott, Jr. (John Knox Press, 62 pp., \$1.50).

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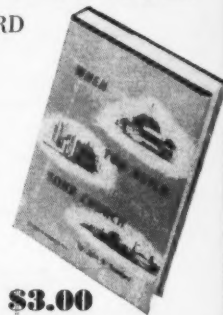
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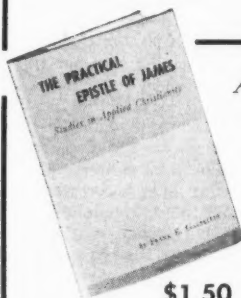
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New Books for Children

REVIEWED BY MARION W. FARQUHARSON

MARGUERITE DEANGELI'S BOOK OF NURSERY AND MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES. This large, handsome volume with its 376 rhymes and 260 illustrations will be the first choice of many parents and relatives for a gift book for a young child. The selection of rhymes is good and the illustrations in soft, lovely color or in pencil, are the decorative and realistic paintings and drawings we have come to expect from this fine young artist. (Doubleday & Co., Inc., \$5.)

THE FIRST BOOK OF DOLLS, by Helen Hoke. Another information-packed "First" book which should have special appeal for girls of 8 to 11. There's the history of dolls in brief text and clear color illustrations. Doll-making is touched on: dolls of all countries; portrait dolls and the latest innovations in modern dolls. The end-papers are valuable, too, for they list and picture fourteen of the best doll stories. (Franklin Watts, Inc., \$1.75.)

TERRY PARKS, by Stanley A. Widney. Terry's dream of having a caboose of his own didn't seem too likely to come true, but while he hoped and waited he did something about other people's dreams. There's humor and interest in this story of an 8-year-old boy with a most endearing trait of generosity. For 7- to 9-year-olds. (Follett Pub. Co., \$2.)

MORE ALL-OF-A-KIND FAMILY, by Sydney Taylor. It's no longer an all-of-a-kind family, for the five sisters of the first book have a little brother. There's humor, love and family loyalty in this story of a close-knit Jewish family on New York's lower east side. A worth-while book for girls 9 to 11. (Follett Pub. Co., \$2.95.)

THE FUNNY GUY, by Grace Allen Hogarth. In 1912 Helen had her twelfth birthday. She was a normal but lonely little girl who had earned the nickname of "Funny Guy" from her teasing schoolmates. She spent most of the school year trying to change their minds, and the events of the year make interesting reading for girls of 9 to 11. Her loneliness for a sick mother, her dislike of the housekeeper, and her love for her father, her friends and her enemies, are well portrayed. (Harcourt, Brace and Co., \$2.95.)

JUSTIN MORGAN HAD A HORSE, by Marguerite Henry. The author has given a most appealing picture of Justin Morgan's little horse, who became the sire of the famous Morgan horses of Vermont. Joel Goss, first trainer of the Morgan horse, is engagingly portrayed, too. Joel was a boy and Little Bub a very young colt when they first met, and they grew up together with a close bond of love and friendship that lasted through the years. For all horse lovers from 10 years up. (Rand McNally & Co., \$2.95.)

WINTER THUNDER, by Mari Sandoz. The courage and will-to-survive of a young teacher and seven pupils lost in a blizzard for eight days is vividly portrayed in this simple but powerful little book. A splendid true story for 9- to 12-year-olds. (The Westminster Press, \$1.50.)

THE STORY OF MOZART, by Helen L. Kaufmann. It's a gay, entrancing picture the author gives of Mozart as a child of 3, and on through boyhood and youth. In a breezy style, sure to hold the attention of children 9 to 12, she has told of his triumphs and his friendships. A good introduction to the composer's music. (Grosset & Dunlap, \$1.50.)

TRAILER TRIBE, by Florence Musgrave. The extra money which came with the discovery of coal on their farm gave 11-year-old Lucinda and 13-year-old Dave big ideas about the spending of it. Their level-headed father, wanting them to learn something of how other people live and how money can do the most good, takes his family on a trip. Though the moral is a little too obvious, the lessons are good ones, well taught, and the boy and girl are real. For girls of 10 to 12. (Farrar, Straus and Young, \$2.75.)

FLAMINGO PRINCE, by Rubylea Hall. The forces of his childhood which shaped Osceola into the great Seminole leader he was to become are here described in a story for boys 12 to 14. Brought up by an Indian mother and a Scotsman whom he believes to be his father, Osceola is 11 when he learns he is all Indian. The story tells of the boy's growth in bravery, wisdom, gentleness and compassion to become an Indian worthy of the name. A fine book. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little, Brown, \$3.50.)

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM, by Modena Minnich Studebaker. Short, simple stories of the children of India, China, Nigeria and Ecuador, and of the missionaries who work among them. There are four stories for each country, planned for use with children 8 to 10 years old. (Brethren Publishing House, \$1.75.)

THE STORY OF JESUS, by Augustus Muir. Building upon the Bible narrative, the author has skillfully presented it as a complete story, naming obscure characters such as the shepherds and the innkeeper of Bethlehem and giving the old story a new dress. This has seldom been done well for children and, though some may criticize, the author has been reverent and sincere, and the book may make the great story more vivid for 10- to 12-year-olds. Well illustrated by Eric Winter and Eric Wade with action-filled wash drawings on every page and nine pages in full color. (Greystone Press, \$2.95.)

THE LATE RECTOR OF WARLEGGAN

(Continued from page 20)

enter, and lock it behind him. A moment later Rector Densham untangled the barbed wire at the rectory gate. He, too, disappeared into the church, escorted by Mr. Humphrey Cooke, a solicitor from Saint Anstell. Moments later the doors were opened and a noisy crowd fought for seats, overflowing into window ledges and aisles. Densham and his attorney, serious and stern, sat opposed, at another table across the center aisle.

The Bishop disapproved this hostile array, and directed Densham to sit in the already jam-packed rector's pew, the Canon in front of him in the chancel pew. He then took a chair to the chancel for himself and, highly satisfied, faced the simple oak altar, adorned only by a thirteenth-century chalice and two brass candlesticks flanking a brass cross, and prayed for guidance, charity and love.

This done he read out (irritably, it seemed to the chronicler for *The Guardian*, a Bodmin weekly) the charges against the rector. "It seemed almost ludicrous," wrote *The Guardian's* reporter that night, "that that sort of thing should happen in a presumably Christian village in twentieth-century England."

Now, ecclesiastical or canon law is a formidable collection of tradition, not easily upset by parish squabbles or personalities. So the public charges against the Reverend Mr. Densham were not the real grievances at all, but allegations which might hold some standing in a church court. They were six in number:

1. The rector did not wear black cotton gloves while administering Holy Communion.
2. He had abandoned the weekday matins—a two-hundred-year custom—and the Sunday school.
3. He never changed the altar cloth, so that it had become sacrilegiously dirty.
4. He had refused to hold services at convenient hours.
5. He had appropriated church property to his own use.
6. He had chopped up two pews.

Densham asked permission for his lawyer to read a statement.

The Bishop (smiling): No, I think you had better make your statement yourself.

Densham: My Lord, under ecclesiastical law I am not obliged to take a Sunday school.

The Bishop: True.

Densham: I am obliged to set such hours of worship as are good for the souls of the communicants, not for their pleasure.

The Bishop: True.

At this point Mr. Bunt, scenting a

whitewash, interrupted.

Bunt: My Lord Bishop, what about them crockery and tables and chairs he swivved and holds for ransom?

Dr. Frere ignored this, and quickly began to read a defense against the charges which Densham had submitted to him before the hearing.

The Bishop (reading): "I have at all times conducted my duties as prescribed in the canons, and have regularly visited the sick."

Voice (angrily): That is a lie, Sir.

The Bishop (louder, continues to read): "The wire fencing is to keep my dogs from the sheep."

(Raucous laughter.)

The Bishop: Possibly the rector's arrangements for seeing his parishioners are not quite sufficient.

(Cattails, cries of "Hear, hear!" and applause.)

The Bishop (severely): There must be no demonstrations or I shall stop the enquiry.

Bunt (from his seat): The rector has said if he does not get his firewood he will sell the organ, which is dear to us.

The Bishop: That is a frivolous complaint. He cannot do so without permission.

Bunt: If the Parochial Council had not taken a firm hand, our thirteenth-century chalice would have been sold. And he would have sold the organ, too, had we not been firm.

The Bishop: What do you suggest? Bunt (rising and pointing at Densham): Remove that man, My Lord. Remove him from us.

The Bishop: By what charges may he be removed? Because he has made mistakes? There is nothing in the charges that is cause for removal.

Willcock (rising): He told the police that I threatened to kill him.

Densham (rising): It is not of killing that I am afraid, but of being set aside so that I cannot carry on my work.

Willcock: This is a serious charge, My Lord Bishop, and I have my name to remember.

The Bishop: Surely this is a misunderstanding. I suggest that you make peace with each other.

Willcock: I have been excommunicated, and it has stopped other communicants from going to Holy Communion.

Densham: I am very sorry I misunderstood the people's warden.

Willcock: Aye, I will shake hands on that.

(Densham and Willcock do so, while the crowd applauds and the Bishop beams.)

The Bishop: You two must co-operate for the good of the church.

(Continued on next page)

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Bunt (jumping up again): Stand up, members of the Parochial Church Council! My Lord, I rise on behalf of the Council and tender our resignations from all church offices. We will not carry on.

Willcock: Aye. We cannot and will not work together.

The Bishop: It is a very lamentable end to this enquiry. I appeal to the people and to the members of the Council to stay.

The next Sunday, no one except Densham went to church. The sexton did not open up. There was no boy to pump the organ, nor organist to play it. Densham conducted the entire service alone. He repeated this performance at evensong. He continued the Sunday ritual faithfully, to an empty church. Three miles north of Warleggan, and a similar distance to the south, lie other small churches. Thither went the rural members, and the residents of the six cottages that comprise Warleggan affiliated with the Methodist chapel.

Now began the psychological disintegration of the rector of Warleggan. He became a hermit, his only companions being his dogs and cats and the noisy rooks in the garden. Once a fortnight he was visited by Bert Mewton, a greengrocer from Bodmin who supplied all the rector's material wants. Every month or so, Densham received a call from William Dean, regional reporter from the *Western Morning News* at Plymouth. Other than that, he was alone.

So long as he maintained the continuity of his church services, he could not be ousted. He gave no cause for attack on canonical grounds. Every Sunday, for twenty years, properly clad for the day's office, he went to the church at the appointed hour. Nor did he neglect his parish duties. He made regular rounds, year after year, approaching the sick and attempting to assist the distressed and the needy. He was turned away at every door; but despite continual rebuff, he continued.

Over the years a few outsiders, doubting the tale of the rector's constancy, stopped by the church and listened at the windows, marveling that the rector never skipped a single verse of any hymn, or mumbled a prayer hurriedly, and that he preached a full half hour, and often longer.

Mr. Dean, a fat, fun-loving, gregarious fellow, Conservative Party whip of the district, secretary of the Bodmin lawn bowling club and a "regular" at the town pub, checking up on Densham one Sunday as was his periodic custom, found neatly printed placards affixed to two dozen seats in the empty church. On each one was the name of a former rector of the parish. To them Mr. Densham was preaching a strong

indictment of the inconsistencies and venality of mankind. After the service, Dean called the rector's attention to the placards.

"I am not sure," Densham said, "that I do not prefer my congregation of ghosts. They cannot object to any innovations I make."

Dean walked with Densham into the once-beautiful garden, now a rose bramble jungle. The rector's back, bent when he arrived in town, was badly stooped, his lips were sunk inward over gums from which many teeth were missing. The old man's hands wavered, but his voice was strong. Dean asked him why he didn't quit, and let some peacemaker revitalize the parish.

"It is a matter of principle," Densham said. "Men must not be so vindictive before God. It is they who suffer, not I, and one day they will cleanse their hearts. It would be terrible if they died with such bitterness of soul, when I am here to welcome their fellowship. But it is not my decision; it is theirs."

OVER the years, Densham made pathetic attempts to meet his people halfway. With his own hands he built, in the garden, a children's playground, with seesaws, swings, and a pond for boats, and he put a picnic table there. In a pastoral letter he invited the children to make the garden their playground. No one responded.

Then for months he spent his idle time—of which he had a great deal—constructing an upper porch at the rectory, from which there is a panorama across moors and sea. On it he placed picnic tables, and invited the adults to use it. None obliged him.

Diligently he planned special events for holy days. Each year at Lent and Christmas he tacked on the church porch an attractive schedule of observances. All were boycotted. He announced a daily summer Bible school, and for six weeks went hopefully to the church lawn at 3 p.m. daily to greet the students who never appeared.

Only once was a special service attended. That was a memorial for King George VI. On that day the organ sang, ushers escorted late comers to the pews, and the church was full; but afterward, on the porch, the rector's outstretched hand was unanimously ignored.

Those snubs and cuts eroded the old rector. He became more and more frightened of burglars, and for the last ten years of his life took elaborate precautions against them which proved his mental disintegration.

His color sense went berserk, too. He redecorated the gaunt old rectory in vivid hues of red, yellow and blue. The bannister rails on the stairway were alternately painted in these colors, and each of the principal rooms had one full wall similarly adorned. In his own

bedroom, the ceiling is a mass of embossed plaster swirls. A sharp eye detects that this is a maze, such as children make, which leads from a beginning to an end through many false avenues and dead ends. He confessed to his one friend, Mr. Dean, that his insomnia was relieved by tracing the correct avenue through the maze at night, to the flickering light of his paraffin lamp. One by one the dogs died, until at the end the old man was utterly and completely alone.

Up to the last, Mr. Mewton, on his greengrocer rounds, found the old man bright and by no means crazy, though he had certainly become eccentric, ordering vast cases of foods he would never consume, water buckets by the two dozen, cat food after the cats were dead. The rector was a vegetarian. He dined once a day on porridge, and his principal purchases were of oatmeal, cocoa, tinned milk, vegetables and hard biscuits. His annual purchases totaled five times his rector's stipend, proving an independent income of at least eight hundred pounds a year. He never touched tea or coffee. But during the war, when drinks and sweets were rationed, he carefully purchased his full share, to distribute among the needy—who failed to thank him.

Even when death was on him, he thought of others. Two days before he died, Mr. Dean gave him a basket of fruit. When police entered the house, they found a neat note directing that the fruit be given to two old ladies who were ill.

The last six Sundays of his life,

Densham walked eight miles across the moors to attend evensong in the Liskeard church. The vicar, John H. Parsons, noticed in the front row of his congregation a peculiar old fellow who neither knelt for prayers nor stood for praise. Not until after Densham's death did Mr. Parsons learn Densham's identity. He read in the paper that the body was to be cremated without a funeral. Mr. Parsons thought Cornwall owed the late unlamented rector better than that. So he held a funeral service for Densham in his own church. As in life, so in death; not one member of the Warleggan parish attended. Hired bearers carried the wreathless coffin. The only mourners were a lawyer's clerk who had taken charge of the estate; the Rev. William Elwell, vicar of Luxulyan, who is rural dean of the Bodmin district; the faithful William Dean; and two foreign newspaper reporters.

To keep unbroken the continuity of services at Saint Bartholomew's, Mr. Elwell now holds brief vespers there on Sunday afternoons. Twenty of the old crowd have returned. But the church is dead. No new rector will be appointed. The parish will be consolidated with another. Thus Saint Bartholomew's and the Reverend Mr. Densham were buried together.

I visited the church. Tacked to a board on the porch was Densham's last gesture. He announced for June 2 a special service, to be followed by a party, in honor of the Coronation. He hoped all would attend. THE END

THE WILL TO WANT TO

(Continued from page 52)

many prisoners, especially those who had no relatives visiting them. Then a messenger came to say she had guests of her own.

"Mother!" Alice, taller than her mother and blondely elegant in a beige suit and mink stole, threw herself into Grandma's arms. "We got in this morning and have been all this time trying to get to you."

"Now, it's all—"

"Mother," Richard's deep baritone was reassuring, as was his solid self with his furry eyebrows and square jaw. He patted her shoulder. "We'll do something yet, don't worry. It's just that the judge says—"

"Mother," Alice broke into tears. "He said you pleaded guilty!"

"But I was. Gracious—"

Richard kept patting her like a child. "I'll take it to the Supreme—"

Grandma smiled and there was almost a chuckle in her voice. "Gracious, my time will be up before anything can be done. I'm enjoying myself."

"Enjoying yourself?" Richard gasped.

"Mother, our boat sails in a week!"

"Stop worrying. Look, children, I've decided. I'm going back home."

"But—"

"I'm going to do volunteer work."

Their eyes widened.

"Oh come now, I won't be alone. There'll be lots of the girls, as Richard calls my friends, to help me. We'll visit jails, hospitals, orphan homes and the like. Take them little things, read and chat. There're so many lonesome—"

"But at your age—"

Grandma's voice had the old ring of authority—and delight.

"Age doesn't seem to matter here." She winked. "But then you couldn't understand, never having been in the ju— that is, incarcerated. George," she beckoned to her husky, dimple-cheeked guard, "can we take a trip to my cell? I want them to meet Sunshine."

Grandma led the way. THE END

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PICTURE

THE MONTH



Century Films' "Day of Triumph" is first feature-length sound film to fully picturize Christ and His ministry. In role of Jesus is actor Robert Wilson.

"Day of Triumph"

FOR the first time in more than a quarter of a century Hollywood has now produced a feature film which incorporates a full-scale portrayal of Christ as He appeared during the last three years of His life. In this partly fictionalized work, the climactic events of Jesus' ministry—such as the Sermon on the Mount, the raising of Lazarus from the dead, the Last Supper, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection—are envisioned through the eyes of the Zealot Brotherhood, a group of militant Jews who, having secretly banded together to throw off the yoke of Roman tyranny, are carefully considering Jesus as

a possible leader of their organization.

In a plausible and tightly-knit plot, such leading figures as Pontius Pilate, John the Baptist, Judas and the other disciples are all portrayed with vividness and conviction. The motivation for Judas' betrayal of Christ is given a new, and perhaps more dramatic, interpretation. And the film arrives at a compelling climax with the "day of triumph"—when the crucified Christ reappears before His disciples, not dead, but alive for all eternity.

In place of the traditional stained-glass conception of the Saviour, Robert Wilson portrays Jesus with moving realism and

restraint. Directed by the late Irving Pichel, the film avoids such questionable artifices as halos, effulgent lights and symbolic shadows. The treatment throughout is one of unpretentious sincerity, thus adding reverence to a production which J. K. Friedrich, minister and veteran producer, has enriched with dramatic values.

Photographed in Eastman Color, with a musical accompaniment which includes an excellent choir, this production by Century Films will be found to be an inspiringly imaginative version of the life, teachings and times of the Saviour when "He walked on earth among men." **Family**

OTHER CURRENT FILMS

Audience Suitability Ratings:

A—Adults; Y—Young People;
F—Family

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide.

Films starred (★) are of exceptional merit.

(★) **EAST OF EDEN** (Warners). Based on John Steinbeck's best-selling novel of the same name, this somber melodrama of aroused human emotions develops an almost shattering dramatic impact. The action revolves around a neurotic young man whose moody, and occasionally violent, behavior stems from his jealousy of his well-adjusted twin brother, his suspicion that he is unloved by his austere father, and his discovery that his supposedly dead mother has long been en-

gaged in a life of depravity. Heavily loaded with psychological implications, the grim story is recounted with a stark, rock-like realism. Julie Harris, as the understanding girl who helps the unhappy young man regain his emotional balance, heads an unusually fine cast which has been superbly directed by Elia Kazan. WarnerColor and CinemaScope. **A**

(★) **MARTY** (Hecht-Lancaster Productions—United Artists release). Possessing unusual perception and sensitivity, this straight-out-of-life story concerns a bashful, homely boy who is dominated by his mother, who can find no companionship

with girls—yet whose life suddenly blooms with a bright, new hope when he meets a young girl schoolteacher. Although the story is told against the background of the family life, religious views and social problems of a poor Italian family in New York, it nevertheless achieves a universal and poignant appeal by its sympathetic understanding of those "misfits" who are cruelly rejected by an indifferent society. Unusually well acted. **F**

CINERAMA HOLIDAY (Louis de Rochemont production—Stanley Warner Cinerama production). Two young couples, one American and the other Swiss, visit each other's country for six months under the all-seeing eye of the Cinerama camera. John and Betty March of Kansas City enjoy the winter sports and breath-taking scenery of St. Moritz, and then go on to an elaborate tour of Paris. Meanwhile Fred and Beatrix Troller—traveling by plane, train and motor-scooter—make a tour of New England, and then start on a trip across the continent during which

Film Ratings by the
**PROTESTANT
MOTION PICTURE
COUNCIL**

they visit such tourist spots as Las Vegas, an Arizona Indian reservation, the Rocky Mountains, and San Francisco's Golden Gate. With the unfortunate exceptions of the gambling scenes at Las Vegas and some unbelievably boring views of a vulgar Parisian night club, the film is a wholesome and interesting travelogue. **A, Y**

RUN FOR COVER (Paramount). Although this film has the conventional trappings of a western—an honest sheriff, a bank robbery, an impulsive young man bent on vengeance—it is actually a thoughtful analysis of two men and their instinctive reactions to danger and unjust punishment. One immediately runs for cover, then strikes back—the other stands, fights and wins, despite formidable odds. This highly provocative drama is capably directed, and particularly well acted by James Cagney as the sheriff. In Technicolor and VistaVision. **A, Y**

WHITE FEATHER (Paramount production—20th Century-Fox release.) An above-average western, this film deals with the efforts of the U.S. Cavalry in 1877 to move the Cheyenne Indians of Wyoming to a new, southern settlement. Technicolor and CinemaScope. **A, Y**

NEW YORK CONFIDENTIAL (Greene-Rouse production—Warners release). This story of a New York crime syndicate, which carries on its nefarious operations through "branch offices" located throughout the country, is also a grim burlesque on Big Business. Hardened mobsters, in conservative business suits and carrying brief cases, travel about the country, hold conferences in "board rooms," and award "contracts"—or orders to murder someone who has gotten in the way of the syndicate. The organization finally destroys itself by its murders of its own members. **A**

LAND OF FURY (J. Arthur Rank presentation—Universal release). This 19th-century melodrama tells of an English sailor who brings his bride to New Zealand where he plans to develop a settlement for other migrating Britishers. Although the sailor is held in high regard by the local Maori chieftain, unforeseeable events bring a tribal attack on the settlement, which results in the death of the young couple. **A, older Y**

STRANGER ON HORSEBACK (United Artists). This is a trite western melodrama about a frontier town which—lacking a peace officer—has come under the heavy-handed domination of a local land baron. Justice, however, comes with the arrival of a circuit-riding judge, who reads his law books in the saddle, and who proceeds to restore order with a minimum of violence. A touch of romance adds flavor to this well-acted story. Ansco Color. **A, Y**

TIGHT SPOT (Columbia). Although this appears at first glance to be a conventional gangster film, it is actually concerned with the critical need by police agencies for laws which will enable them to combat modern crime adequately. The film's dramatic suspense is developed by

a dogged district attorney, a girl prisoner whom he temporarily releases in the hope that she will reveal vital evidence, and the action—and defection—of the police. Well acted and directed, the film exposes the methods by which gangsters take advantage of laws enacted for the protection of lawful citizens. **A**

CONQUEST OF SPACE (Paramount). A science-fantasy type of film, this story of travel through outer space is engrossing, thought-provoking, and terrifying. As another preview of tomorrow's wonders, it deals with a group of astrophysicists who make a trip to Mars by means of an elaborate space ship. The fears, struggles and triumphs of the individual crew members are portrayed with a conviction which should keep audiences in a high state of excitement. Technicolor. **A, Y**

TIMBERJACK (Republic). A thoroughly routine adventure story of logging in the north woods, in which the hero again emerges victoriously from a gun battle with the land-grabbing villain and again marries the pretty dance-hall girl. The only assets of this film are the views of Glacier National Park and of Hoagy Carmichael who, as a singing pianist, contributes his always delightful style of music. **A, Y**

HELL'S ISLAND (Pine and Thomas production—Paramount release). This dime-novel melodrama maintains a desperate pace as it reels off an eventful plot compounded of intrigue, smuggling, double-crossing, murder and frustrated romance. Done in VistaVision and Technicolor, the film offers some interesting views of tropical settings, but is hampered by acting which is seldom convincing. **A**

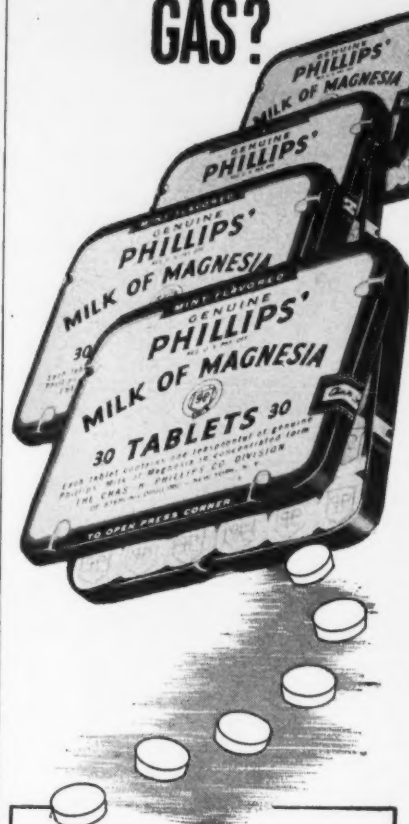
IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA (Columbia). In this horror-fantasy an enormous octopus-like sea monster, made radioactive by the H-bomb experiments in the Pacific, is easily avoided by its customary prey which are now warned by its radiations. In a desperate search for food, the monster becomes the scourge of the American Pacific coast. **A, older Y**

MAN WITHOUT A STAR (Universal). Starting with a tuneful theme song and the serene philosophy that a man should have a star to guide his course through life, this film promptly plunges into a welter of shooting, knifing and hanging, to which is added brutal sadism, blatant sex and excessive drinking. Incredibly enough, the film's producers have gone to considerable pains to photograph this orgy of low morals and bad taste against a background of unusually beautiful scenery. Technicolor. **Objectionable**

MA AND PA KETTLE (Universal). This latest episode in the lives of the lively and forthright Kettles adds nothing to their reputation for comedy. **F**

REVENGE OF THE CREATURE (Universal). In this somewhat horrendous melodrama, a fantastic creature—half fish and half man—is captured in the Amazon jungle and brought to Florida for purposes of exhibit and study. **A**

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Billy Graham's Children

TO THE EDITORS:

I take exception to the article about the Grahams' beautiful children ("The Littlest Grahams," March). It was in poor taste for any friend of the family to write such an article about her experiences with small children, who naturally are full of life and mischief, as are all healthy, bright youngsters, and telling in detail of their various escapades. The children would be sure to hear about the story and get the idea that it was smart to be so mischievous.

FRANCES BLANCHARD

East Princeton, Mass.

... As I read I wondered, are there no good incidents in their lives? Maybe you intend to write about the angelic side of the Graham children later on.

(MRS.) MAUDE M. HILL

Long Beach, Calif.

... I wonder if Betty Frist likes to dramatize her writing or if the Graham children really put on the act she describes? Of course that may be normal for children, but don't we all have to suppress our normal desires at times?

Pleble, N. Y.

"A MOTHER"

... Please send me fifteen copies of the March issue with the story of Ruth and Billy's children.

Asheville, N. C. DR. L. NELSON BELL

● Dr. Bell is Ruth Graham's father.

More About Judging

TO THE EDITORS:

It is not up to us to judge but it is up to us as God's servants to guide His other sheep in the right path (Back Talk, March). And if we truly love our neighbors we will do just that.

Mayport, Pa.

MRS. DEAN HUBER

... Is it not true that "we who are trying to be Christians" should concern ourselves with the question as to what the effect of our example will be upon those who want to be Christians?

HINER J. THOMPSON

Bloomington, Ind.

... My soul's salvation is a personal matter between me and my Lord. But if I eat and drink those things that make me a nuisance to others, and even a risk to my own life and theirs, then I am a social problem.

I'm all for "personal liberty" where the person has sense to use it wisely. And as a rule I exercise that liberty by keeping my ideas on these things to myself. But you asked for it.

Donovan, Ill.

MRS. HENRY GRANT

... That person who smokes big cigars and blows the offensive smelling smoke in the face of those who do not like the smell of tobacco, needs something, if nothing more than a little common sense.

And as to the review of movies ... I do not attend the movies but if I did I had rather know the good ones from the bad ones so that I couldn't use my lack of knowledge as an excuse to go see most all of them, as no doubt some people do.

Thayer, Mo.

ERNEST E. CONNER

No Longer a Shut-in

TO THE EDITORS:

When my mother died and I was left entirely alone in the world I continued to work harder than ever at my hobby of making dolls out of nuts and acorns and



Making miniatures such as this peanut family is hobby of reader Daisy Welch.

from it I helped to support myself and it also helped me to forget my trouble. I bought a motor chair and later a motor scooter. Then I started going places and seeing things. I never knew the world was so beautiful before.

Almost the first place I visited was a small hospital a few miles out of town where the patients were almost all incurables and quite lonely. I brought them magazines and flowers and played the harmonica for them. Now I am shut in only part of the time in winter as I cannot run either my motor chair or motor scooter in the snow.

Bradford, Pa.

DAISY WELCH

Eighth Stanza, Anyone?

TO THE EDITORS:

I love such old things as the fine page called "I Remember," and in February you quote one stanza of the lovely old favorite hymn, "Abide With Me," seldom included in hymnals. Most hymnals give only four, you quoted the fifth, but practically nobody knows there are eight stan-

zas! I collect hymnals and I happen to have an old Lutheran Hymnary which has copies of many of the original old hymns. If anyone desires a copy of this entire hymn, just let me know.

217 Pleasant Ave.

HOWARD NIELSEN

St. Paul 2, Minn.

Requests and Thanks

TO THE EDITORS:

We want to thank you and your readers for the splendid response to our request for used CHRISTIAN HERALDS. Four friends are sending subscriptions but I do not have the addresses of all so if they have not had a "thank you" note, they will know why. We are grateful for these, and our pastors and theological students have expressed their gratitude for copies given them.

(MRS.) EDNA F. SANDERS

Manila, Philippines

... I am a Brazilian farmer and I am studying English at home. As I live far away from the main cities of the country, I have some trouble to get American magazines and books to read. So I would appreciate to receive some copies of your world-wide famous magazine (even old issues) which I am sure would contribute very much for me to learn English and to know more about the States.

Caixa Postal 331 (Mr.) Y. FIGUEIREDO
Petropolis, RJ, Brazil

... Your CHRISTIAN HERALDS have given such wonderful help with our student work. There are 3,000 students in the Provincial High Schools right across the street. Would it be possible to appeal to your readers who have no particular place to give their CHRISTIAN HERALDS to send them to us? Our youth have all their classes in English.

MARION WALKER

Methodist Christian Co-op Home
Tarlac City, Philippines

... I should be deeply grateful if you could insert this letter to thank the kind people who responded so nobly to my appeal (in November issue) for pictures of the adult Jesus. Owing to illness it is quite impossible for me to write to individuals so I do hope they will accept this big "thank you" as a personal token.

Lowerdale, Marple

LILIAN CLARK

Cheshire, England

... On behalf of the missionaries Miss Ulmer, Jamaica, and Miss Carter, Basutoland, I want to thank all who sent used greeting cards. The response is unbelievable and they are swamped, so please do not send any more!

Linden, Pa.

MRS. M. ROBINSON

● Miss Ulmer wrote that she received 425 parcels. She expects to use them in Daily Vacation Bible Schools this summer.

Wholly Holey

TO THE EDITORS:

I like your "I Remember" page so much. I used to cut the little poems out—the ones I liked best. Lately I like everything best and I'm ending up with a page full of holes. Everything about your magazine is good.

Oxford, N. J.

MRS. MARVIN DAVIS

CHRISTIAN HERALD

BUTCHER? BAKER? CANDLESTICK-MAKER? or

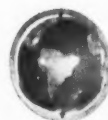
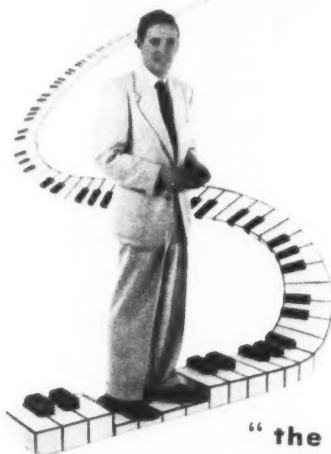


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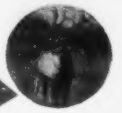
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